

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

MAISKY: *Memoirs of a Soviet Ambassador: The War, 1939-43*. Translated by Andrew Rothstein. 408pp. Hutchinson. £3 3s.

great support given to that "offensive" by Molotov, still less of the sharply defeatist line adopted on that occasion by Maitsky's great friend, Lloyd George, who was fully prepared to make a deal with Hitler over the dead body of Poland. It is conceivable that Maitsky, though a passionate anti-Nazi himself, could still have encouraged Lloyd George in this defeatism? This is an historically highly interesting question, but Maitsky provides no answer to it. All these omissions show that the book is of very little value as a contribution to history.

What remains, however, is the interesting personality of the author. He clearly liked, and even loved, England. True, he had a boundless loathing for Neville Chamberlain and for what he calls "the Cliveden Set"; but he welcomed with enthusiasm Churchill's appointment to the premiership in May, 1940, and his determination to fight on, whatever happened to France. (Here Maitsky reveals something of the genuine Soviet panic at the thought that, after the collapse of France, Britain, too,

might pack up.) Perhaps he overstates the tension in England in July-September, 1940 (for did most people in England really expect a German invasion?); but, in any case, he speaks with the warmest admiration of those thousands of "ordinary" Englishmen who helped to make the Dunkirk evacuation a success, and of England's "indomitable" spirit generally—whether during the summer of 1940, when the chances of winning the war seemed nil, or during the blitz winter in London. Maitsky enormously admired Churchill as the man who personified this British spirit of sacrifice and resistance and shuddered to think what might have happened if Chamberlain had remained at the head of the British Government.

After the German invasion of Russia, however, Maitsky's relations with Churchill rapidly deteriorated. Even before receiving any instructions from Moscow (Stalin was too overwhelmed by the violence of the German invasion to give a moment's thought to his Ambassador in London) Maitsky almost immediately

raised the question of opening a Second Front in Northern France. Churchill dismissed the proposal as "utterly unrealistic". So, indeed, it was in the summer of 1941; but later, in Maitsky's view, Churchill quite deliberately sabotaged the Second Front, despite a much more favourable attitude to it, especially in 1942, on the part of Roosevelt, Marshall, Stimson, Eisenhower and Wendell Willkie. All these rather monstrous polemics over the Second Front occupy most of the second half of the book. Maitsky's fairly plausible explanation of Churchill's hostility to the Second Front is simply that the Prime Minister wanted to see *hush* Russia and Germany hopelessly weakened by the end of the war.

Maitsky, in the course of his story, takes personal credit for two very important Russian successes: for the British Government's acceptance of British Lend-Lease to Russia, to be followed, soon afterwards, by American Lend-Lease to Russia; and secondly, for having persuaded Harry Hopkins, in July, 1941, to go to

Moscow—a visit which was, indeed, to prove of the most vital importance. For it was thanks to Hopkins that the American Government stopped, as early as July, 1941, taking Russia's early military defeat as a foregone conclusion.

The last chapters of the book are marked by much bitterness. As an indirect protest against the western "sabotage" of the Second Front, Stalin in 1943 recalled Maitsky from London and Livinov from Washington. Maitsky was particularly sorry to go. In Moscow he was to sink into the anonymity of Soviet officialdom; in London he had made many friends and had, in the course of eleven years, become "une personne bien londonienne". It is probable that Stalin considered him too "pro-Western": there seems no other explanation why, in 1951, Maitsky, as well as one of his junior colleagues in Kensington Gardens, Mr. K. Zinchenko, should have been arrested and kept in prison till after Stalin's death.

Mr. Rothstein's translation is as excellent as usual.

IN FROM THE COLD

GREVILLE WYNNE: *The Man From Moscow*. The Story of Wynne and Penkovsky. 222pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

Greville Wynne was the co-defendant with Colonel Oleg Penkovsky in a spectacular espionage trial in Moscow in May, 1963; he had been kidnapped in Budapest by Russian agents, with Hungarian connivance, the previous autumn. At the time of the trial he excited a good deal more interest abroad and it was not until the publication two years later of *The Penkovsky Papers* (reviewed here on December 16, 1965) that the real importance of his Russian collaboration became obvious, assisted by a timely official note of protest from the Soviet Embassy in London. Penkovsky was the highest-placed and the most productive source of top-level information ever to come out of the Soviet Union, at least of all those of whom there is public knowledge. The book of which he was part-author revealed a character of great psychological interest. Essentially he was a disillusioned aristocrat like Hérault de Séchelles or Prince Krupotkin, a member of the ruling class who turned against an autocratic government out of idealism, in the hope of a better future for all classes. From his position high up in the Communist Establishment he was able to reveal the inmost secrets of Kremlin policy and it was on the basis of his revelations that President Kennedy found himself able to bring to a successful conclusion the danger caused in October, 1962, by the Russian installation of missiles in Cuba.

But for all his importance as a person, Penkovsky was not much of a writer. His contribution to *The Penkovsky Papers* was scrappy and disjointed, though it must be admitted there were non-literary reasons for this in the sheer difficulty of finding a time and place to write such compromising documents. *The Man From Moscow*, on the other hand, is very well written indeed and can be read through at a sitting with pleasure, both from the vigorous clarity of the style and the skill of the composition. There are not many books on espionage of which this can be said, perhaps because spies themselves are the products of a training which concentrates on the drably factual and discourages the imaginative and speculative. It is no surprise, therefore, to learn that *The Man From Moscow* was not written without the help of a ghost-writer. One of the principal revelations of the book is that Mr. Wynne was in fact in the employment of the British Intelligence Service. This was not apparent in 1963, when he appeared in the western press as merely a business man; in 1965 the editors of *The Penkovsky Papers* specifically denied it. (Is it permissible to speculate, since the full Penkovsky story was first revealed in America, that there was some jealousy about so spectacular a coup by British Intelligence?—or did the latter insist on keeping their light under a bushel?) There is no

reason for further concealment since, as Wynne states in his preface, Penkovsky committed suicide in 1965.

It is a little surprising that a man sentenced to death in 1963, whose execution was announced almost immediately after the trial, should still be alive two years later. The explanation lies in the fact that there was a trial, and in public. It had to be in public, and the pair could not be just shut out of mind like Beria, not only because a foreigner was involved but, more importantly, because Penkovsky's unmasking had produced seismic disruptive effects in the Soviet Establishment. Marshals of the Soviet Union were dismissed, General Serov, the hanger-on of Hungary, publicly demoted, diplomats and intelligence officers recalled from abroad. But if there had to be a public trial the most careful preparation was necessary. Though both defendants had been ill-treated, starved and interrogated for months, and provided with written scripts of what to say, there was still a risk they might blurt out the truth. A bargain was therefore made: if they cooperated Penkovsky's life would be spared, and presumably his family also exempted from the usual penalties. It seems the Russians kept their bargains. Wynne made a bargain too. His interrogator revealed that Penkovsky was known to have been in contact in Britain with certain persons whose names Wynne considered would be better not revealed; the prosecution promised to refer to them merely as "persons of very high standing" if Wynne would not say in court that he knew Penkovsky to be a member of the Communist Party and a senior Intelligence Officer in the G.R.U., the Army Intelligence Organization. The bargain was faithfully kept.

The trial was a splendid show occasion, and is vividly described from the position of the co-star. Many rehearsals were held. Wynne indeed complained that he was not an actor and could not learn his lines; he hoped that if he read from a script under his desk it would be noticeable when he bent his head down, but skilled production took care of this: the leads of the head-phones which he wore to hear the translation were deliberately shortened between dress rehearsal and first night, so that his head was permanently bowed. One detail in the performance, however, still apparently baffles him: the unexplained appearance of two alleged friends of Penkovsky who testified to his abandoned way of life, including drinking champagne out of a girl's slipper. The point is that both witnesses were Jews; the prosecution hoped to smear Penkovsky, by association, with the anti-Semitism which all Russian autocrats, Tsarist and Soviet, have found a useful diversion for the proletariat.

Mr. Wynne was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment, which he started

to serve in the prison of Vladimir. He was still constantly subject to interrogation, to make him confess. In the hideous surroundings he kept going by cultivating his contempt for his captors. "Soviet culture" he would yell when his oil-can latrine overflowed during the periods when the privilege of emptying it once a day had been withdrawn. It was the same contempt which sustained him during his interminable interrogations. He is full of compassion for the ordinary Russian man, and his memories of the gay, idealist Penkovsky, with whom he clearly found a true friendship, were also a great support for him. But his

health was seriously affected and after a year he was exchanged for the Russian spy Mulodiy, alias Lonsdale. As they pass on the east German frontier the contrast is acute between the haggard Englishman and the sleek, well-fed Russian; in fact his Intelligence superior greets him "with truly British enthusiasm" with the words "Greville! You look bloody 'orrible". It is an achievement to have made so excellent a book from an experience so harrowing; there is no false note of self-pity or heroics, and a tranquil realization that the result was worth the suffering.

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METHUEN

mentioning at this point is the most sympathetic and entertaining piece on Nicolai Hartmann written by Walter Cerf.

There can be no question that this encyclopedia satisfies the necessary conditions of adequacy: its contributors have been responsibly selected and it is in general without reprehensible bias (although there is plenty of opinionated life in particular articles; Bela von Juhos, for example, takes the opportunity in his article on Moritz Schlick to launch a no doubt fully justified assault on the reactionary appointments made to philosophy chairs since Schlick's death by the Austrian educational authorities).

But there is also much to be said about the work's substantial positive merits in the choice of topics and authors. Most distinctive among these merits is the quite large number of imaginative and altogether non-obvious ideas for articles that have been put into effect. R. B. Brandt writes on the parallel between epistemology and ethics; A. Phillips Griffiths at satisfying length on the justification of ultimate moral principles. There are interesting items on the great man theory of history, suicide, alienation, culture and civilization, the absolute, ends and means, the animal soul. Noteworthy for its bold and illuminating generality is a fairly short article on decision theory by Patrick Suppes. In it a broad array of disciplines, many of them having an ultimately Benthamite inspiration, moral philosophy, political science, welfare economics, game theory and so on, are systematically arranged as varieties of normative theory of individual or group decision. This perceptive piece of organization suggests the idea of a logic of rational, value-maximizing action, in some ways parallel to, and building upon, the usual logic of rational deductive and inductive thinking.

Some more straightforwardly predictable but still general ideas are notably well handled. Among them are J. L. Mackie's treatment of fallacies, Irving Thalberg's of error, Norman Kretzmann's vast and richly informative history of semantics and John Hospers's plain but admirably clear and reasonable article on the

problems of aesthetics, which must be the best introduction there is to this Cinderella of subjects, of recent years increasingly on the conscience of philosophers. A particularly impressive item in this category is Richard Rorty's excellent article on intuition which, without in any way wandering from the point, adds up to an admirable pocket treatise on fundamental questions in the theory of knowledge in general.

The editor's policy has been to decide in favour of inclusion of all those topics about which the question arises of whether or not they are really part of philosophy. In consequence the encyclopedia's scope is very wide. There are interesting articles on the philosophical implications of biology by Morton Beckner. There is an article summarizing the main doctrinal contents of Christianity. Marxism is approached from several directions, with large items on dialectical and historical materialism, on Marx and Engels themselves and on the fate of philosophy under communism (the last being a lively excursion conducted by Eugene Kamenka). There are some good articles on philosophy in the smaller nations, particularly Scandinavia and Poland, although Canada and, more surprisingly, Australia fail to qualify for separate consideration.

Recently controversial issues are the subjects of a number of articles, some of them, such as the paradigm case argument, looking now a little faded. H. N. Castanedi addresses himself to the private language problem in a style of great formality and rigour. Such an approach is inevitable in the treatment of topics of advanced technicality in formal logic, such as recursive function theory, Gödel's theorem and formal systems. The preoccupation of philosophers over the last decade with problems in that disputed frontier between ethics and the philosophy of mind usually called the theory of action, the problems of Elizabeth Anscombe's "Intention" and A. MacIntyre's "Free Action" are well represented, as indeed is the more protracted concern with the philosophy of mind in general during the postwar years. The main articles in this encyclopedia on the philosophy

of mind, those on, say, consciousness, memory, the mind-body problem, other minds, personal identity, persons, psychology and thinking, would make a most adequate introductory book on the subject.

About half-way through the sixth volume fifty pages are given over to three articles, by W. Gerber in which dry but useful information about philosophical bibliographies (four pages), dictionaries and encyclopedias (thirty pages) and journals (sixteen pages) is presented in a surprisingly entertaining way. There is also a pretty thorough twenty-one page glossary of logical terms by B. Brody.

There are a number of articles that deserve mention on grounds of merit alone and not because they are of an interesting or desirable type. B. A. O. Williams's ten pages on Descartes are very good indeed and in the absence of anything very much in the way of decent commentary on Descartes being readily accessible in English, teachers of the subject will no doubt become very familiar with them in years to come. Michael Dummett's thirteen pages on Frege also fill a gap in a brilliantly authoritative way. Eschewing all biographical material, Dummett opens his article with the challenging claim that Frege is, in effect, the first modern philosopher, and more modern than Russell, in that he was the first fully to emancipate himself from the Cartesian presumption that the proper starting-point for philosophical investigation is epistemology and the confrontation of scepticism. For Frege, as for Wittgenstein in the *Tractatus*, the only proper point of entry is through philosophical logic, the study of the nature and conditions of significant discourse. It would be interesting to see this rather fundamental idea developed polemically and at greater length.

Max Black's articles on induction and probability are at once all that encyclopedia contributions should be, in terms of comprehensiveness and balance, and also first-class pieces of philosophical writing in their own right. Charles Parsons on the foundations of mathematics shows how to deal with a matter which is at once of the highest technicality and also of fundamental importance. Keith Campbell's article on materialism covers both its history and the main argumentative issues it throws up with really remarkable concision and lucidity.

It is, fortunately, much easier to find conspicuously good articles than conspicuously bad ones. The least satisfactory turned up by a thorough sampling of these volumes is Peter Laslett's on the social contract, which remains hopelessly bogged down in the idea that the contract is an historical hypothesis and nowhere makes really clear the role of the idea of contract as an answer to the question of political obligation. The weakness of this article is all the more damaging since there is no article on political obligation in general.

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GUILTY OF APPEASEMENT

MARGARET GEORGE: *The Hollow Men*. An Examination of British Foreign Policy between the Years 1933 and 1939. Foreword by Rowse. 256pp. Leslie Frewin. 30s.

Now that the frontiers of history have been pushed right down to the present day, the recent historian faces a peculiar problem. Is he writing for the benefit of those who lived through the events described, or for a younger generation to whom they are as remote as the Norman Conquest? The historian of British foreign policy in the 1930s, which is Professor Margaret George's subject, has a real dilemma, quite apart from the emotional intensity which is still inseparable from it.

In writing about the policy of Appeasement, is the historian to set about proving *de novo* what every reader over the age of fifty already takes for granted? Or is he to leave the younger generation of readers to deduce for themselves facts which were once part of everyday experience? To some extent the answer depends on whether the writer was or was not an adult living in Britain through the events of the 1930s. Professor George was not; she is an American and was a child at the time. Her choice of audiences is a somewhat wavering one, perhaps for that reason. But she has safeguarded herself by consulting the judgment of Dr. A. L. Rowse, who has conferred his certificate on *The Hollow Men*: "her book is history". Dr. Rowse's foreword, however, is little more than interperate propaganda and Professor George's work must stand on its own merits.

It is not easy to find an entirely original approach to the history of Appeasement, though no doubt one will be found one day. Professor George's thesis is that the policy was simply the fault of Conservatism. She seeks to make the thesis more original than it seems by enlarging the definition. Conservatism in her eyes includes not only the members of the Conservative party but also large segments of the City, the press, the business world and the aristocracy, whether or not they belonged to the party, as well as every one else who was anti-French, anti-Communist, and out of touch with the spirit of the times. The evil genius of Conservatism was Lord Milner, whose reactionary influence continued after his death. Among

LLOYD GEORGE IN CONFERENCE

Documents on British Foreign Policy, 1919-1939. Edited by Rohan Butler and J. P. T. Bury, assisted by M. E. Lambert. First series. *International Conferences and Conversations 1921*. 835pp. H.M.S.O. £4 15s.

The latest volume in this large and indispensable quarry for historians carries on the story, told in official British documents, of allied negotiations during 1921, devoted to European and Near Eastern affairs. It is, as usual, admirably edited. Some of the material was used by Lloyd George in his *Truth about the Peace Treaties*, by Lord D'Abernon in his *Ambassador of Peace*, and by Count Storza in his *Diplomatic History of Europe since the Treaty of Versailles*, the English version of which was published in 1928. Also much of the ground is covered by American and French collections of official papers. Cross-references are given to all these, but not to German and Italian official documents. Historians will note these limitations.

The subjects discussed by allied statesmen were German disarmament and reparations, and the conflict between Greece and Turkey, both occupying by far the greatest amount of time, comparatively subordinate matters were the state of Upper Silesia after the plebiscite, Austria's plight, the recognition of the Baltic States, the projected establishment of an independent Armenia, and, at the very end, concern with the relief of famine and epidemic in Russia. The allied statesmen chiefly concerned throughout were Lloyd George, Lord Curzon, Brand Loucheur and Doumer, Jaspard, Belgium (often concerned to reconcile British and French views), and Count Storza (who usually supported Lloyd George). There was hardly ever any representative of the United States, and the Japanese delegates contributed very little.

The documents show how Lloyd George dominated the scene; they are a remarkable display of his eloquence, his skilful and shrewd diplomacy, his readiness to flatter, his tact, his agreement. In one speech he referred to Brand as "my

the living the *entente* crises were Thomas Jones under Baldwin and of course Sir Horace Wilson under Chamberlain—both of them Conservatives who by Professor George's enlarged definition. In other words, she defines as Conservative everything which she holds blameworthy. This makes it something of a tautology to blame Conservatism for Appeasement.

After Part One has sketched the "backdrop to Appeasement" in terms of Conservative crises, Conservative cliques and Conservative fantasies (the titles of the first three chapters), Professor George turns to the "Baldwin years" in Part Two. Here she outlines the evolution of Appeasement through the successive crises over Abyssinia, the Rhineland, and the Spanish civil war. Then follows an interlude in Part Three, which describes the actors on the periphery of Appeasement: such individuals as Douglas Jerrold, Arnold Wilson and even Francis Yeats-Brown; such organizations as the British Union of Fascists, the Link, the Anglo-German Fellowship, and (inevitably) the "Cliveden set"; and institutions such as *The Times* and the Bank of England. Finally, Part Four describes the climax of Appeasement under Neville Chamberlain. He is portrayed in even more hostile terms than Baldwin, the major difference between them being that Baldwin never pretended to understand foreign affairs whereas Chamberlain was wrongly convinced that he did.

At times Professor George is clearly aware that her thesis is oversimplified. Appeasement did not divide the leaders of Britain into a leader-witted majority and a lily-white minority. She recognizes that there were conflicting undercurrents: Vansittart urging appeasement of Italy and Japan even while he demanded a preventive war on Germany; *The Times* denouncing the Hoare-Laval pact in contrast to its acceptance of Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland; Eden accepting the government's sympathy with Franco while pressing for sanctions against Mussolini; and so on. Churchill of course was utterly right

about Germany, but it needs to be explained that the distrust of him felt by responsible people was not wholly unjustified in view of his reactionary attitude towards India. Nor is Professor George's schematic picture of the Conservative establishment more than superficially convincing. Like other American scholars, she attaches too much weight to trivial remarks and idle gossip, which the recipients of them normally treated as such.

The facts repeatedly defy straightforward analysis. Leo Amery, who opposed Appeasement, was as much a disciple of Milner as Lord Lothian, who supported it. Eden and Duff Cooper belonged to the Conservative establishment as naturally as the Appes, Halifax and Hoare, and considerably more so than Kingsley Wood or Sir John Simon. There is rather more substance in Professor George's argument that the weakness of Baldwin and Chamberlain was that they were businessmen rather than politicians. But the significance of this line of reasoning is that they both stood outside the traditional mainstream of the Conservative establishment. If then they represent a deviation from the mainstream it would require a deeper analysis than Professor George offers to explain why both Conservatism and its deviants are to be held indiscriminately to blame.

The matter is much more complex than Professor George allows, concentrating her focus as she does, on a narrow and familiar target. She implies in her preface that some of the complexities are elided simply in order not to overload the book with detail that will be taken for granted by an older generation of readers. But often their convenience is met at the cost of facts which a younger generation needs to know. Why was the League of Nations ineffective? Professor George explains that the British Government failed to support it because Conservatives had no faith in it. She omits to mention that the government of her own country refused even to join it. Why did Britain fear to go to war with Hitler in 1938? There were many reasons, to which

came from the exiled statesman, Venizelos, that he be "madness" for the Greeks attempt an advance on Ankara. The Greeks refused to allow the Allies negotiate on their behalf before resumed hostilities. In a separate session Lloyd George suggested that Italy's desire for more territory might be satisfied with Anatolia. "But I fear," he said, "that time neither could have the consequences of their invasion of Greece-Turkey's fall to Constantinople in 1922, and it was left to Curzon to this particular stone to be the hill and keep it there, was the Treaty of Lausanne of 1923, the most attractive reading volume.

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Professor George gives full credit to the uninformed reader, never learn from her book anything that he has not already learned from the novels of Anthony Blond. His latest concerns the school of Fielding Gray, whom we meet as a cavalry officer in *The Squadron*, "a bright, nervous man in his mid-twenties who had a hair" in this fourth volume of the *Alnus for Oblivion* novel series, the ravaging of Fielding begins. It seems that in 1945 he was regarded as a monstrous father figure more than a super employer. School spirit means to him this kind of low-mindedness: when their souls point to the Inns of Court or a "cavalry" have become "a cavalry" and this is the more remarkable that she is not the first book subject to make the same error. Readers of the post-war generation should be warned to check Professor George's references with care, pointing up the differences between her and the real thing. She should also appreciate that she is completely at ease with the names of British titles (which are always historically incorrect).

To criticize Professor George's work is not, of course, to criticize the conduct of British foreign policy in the decade before the Second World War. It was discredited and it was only one of the last of the 1930s. There were others who were the historian must give the circumstances on the side of democracies just as much as complex and fatal as that other side which made the war possible. This unique and complex still needs much detailed exploration not only for its interest but also for its possible lessons in the future. Although Professor George has started with a question—"what happened?"—why did it happen?—it contributed only marginally to the answer. "In extension it said that she is not the first of a formidable and exhausting

Fielding has deceived his mother, taken her money on false pretences and punched her in the mouth. Predictable as ever, Constable shows Fielding the door. He is left to "wait" and "snivel" in the outer darkness while his friends revile him: "a clever, shallow, charming boy, blubbery with self-pity because he's told a lie and been found out".

The speaker here is a prefectorial type called Peter Morrison: his function is to reprove Fielding for his indiscretion of his sexual life, pre-empting "to good order". A boy with the same name and function uses the same words to Simon Raven, in a section of his autobiographical essay, *The English Gentleman*, which concerns the author's own expulsion from Charterhouse. This event seems likely to be near the roots of that recurring scene in his novels wherein a too happy, too trustful hero is mocked, ruined or even killed through the agency of the friends he loved best. Simon Raven is most involved in interests generally restricted to adolescents. Why not? To retain adolescent excitement is one way to conquer Time.

TINKER, STINKER

BRYAN MACMAHON: *The Honey Spike*. 247pp. Bodley Head. 25s.
TONY GRAY: *Gone the Time*. 268pp. Heinemann. 30s.

Quarrying the seams of Irish charm from very different approaches, two native authors come up with the same nugget: Puck Fair, the annual gathering of the tinkers in Kerry, presided over by a crowned goat. Tony Gray, in *Gone the Time*, sees the fair as a place where tinkers come to look at tourists these days, but to Bryan MacMahon, who is a Kerry man, it is still a real event. Perhaps because he speaks the private language of the tinkers he appears warmly sympathetic to their bloody brawls and trickery; there is no detached anthropological observation here.

Indeed *The Honey Spike* is something of a lyrical tract in defence of Ireland's ten thousand tinkers: like all itinerant people they are in danger from the proliferating success of settled civilization. Breda Claffey, about to bear a first child to her uncouth young husband Martin, travels the roads, dirty, thieving, superstitious; she dies through gross neglect in childbirth, leaving Martin to a waiting but triumphant rival. Apart from some deliberately worked-in encounters with conventional Irish types, the author dwells on this simple, brutal little life with its rare moments of beauty by the fuchsia-hedged road, rainswept villages and seacoast. Living thus, illiterate, near starvation and with no thought of change, the tinkers are free to play the elemental human roles with something like dignity.

MYTHING PERSONS

Miss Kavan's work was widely read in the 1940s for its poetic quality and hypnotic power. Her book, the first for some time, is indeed strongly rooted in the tradition of allegorical fantasy. It follows the straight pattern of a man, the author, pursuing a beautiful, fragile, and elusive woman through a world which is being covered by cliffs of doom, nuclear disaster. They travel through strange countries, they pass through many myths, and they find that the girl is not only a beautiful, fragile, and elusive woman, but also a beautiful, fragile, and elusive woman.

There have been three notable fiction releases in recent weeks. Faber are offering a cheap (7s. 6d.) reprint of Andrew Spalding's amusing first novel *The Breaking of Bumbo*, and Gollancz have just brought out a new edition of David Karp's gloomily prophetic *One (21s.)*, much trumpeted when it first appeared in 1954. Friedrich Dürrenmatt's *The Judge and His Hangman* (translated by Cyrus Brook) was also first published in 1954, and is now available again from Cape at 18s.

MOVIETONE

V. S. NAIPAUL: *A Flag on the Island*. 235pp. André Deutsch. 25s.

The most remarkable of these eleven tales is the title-story, a free fantasy, dreamlike and surreal, on some of V. S. Naipaul's favourite themes. Written for a film-company, it was meant to be "musical and comic and set in the Caribbean"; it was to have a leading American character and many subsidiary characters; it was to have much sex and much dialogue; it was to be explicit. This was an odd assignment. Sometimes Mr. Naipaul writes dramatic monologue, imitating the very sound of another man's voice engaged in introspection; often he writes as an unobtrusive narrator, given to melancholy smiles, maintaining a discreet distance. He is rarely explicit. Yet he has fulfilled the film-men's requirements, producing not a straight story to be adapted into scenes, but what reads like an appreciative description of a completed film—perhaps by Fellini in 81 mood. Whether or not his clients can make the desired film, the exercise was worthwhile.

The "explicit" statements about the island and the principal character are just this: "People are like born here. They all want to go away, and for you it is only a holiday. . . . The big rich man always behind the love, and I am just like you. . . . Always looking for the nice and simple natives to pick you up. The man accused is an American, slumming. Bohemian-wise, on a Caribbean island. He is also told: 'People are like born here. They all want to go away, and for you it is only a holiday. . . . The big rich man always behind the love, and I am just like you. . . . Always looking for the nice and simple natives to pick you up.'

Some people look at black people and only see black. You look at poor people and only see poor. Too obvious, too explicit? But the criticisms are beautifully illustrated. A worthy, old-fashioned intellectual develops into a fashionable anti-white novelist, subsidized by American grants; a neolithic Chinese school-girls turn into television jingles; "Priest", who used to combine preaching with selling insurance, becomes Gary Priestland, a news-reader "supervising still of disaster, like a sports commentator excited by a rising score".

In spite of the jokes, most of the stories are rather sad. Hindus in the West Indies are troubled with Christianity, London suburbanites with alienation, and the death of pets. "The Baker's Story" is a monologue, impersonating a Negro who cannot sell his good bread because conventional demands that bread be sold only in Chinese shops.

I used to tell them, making a joke out of it, that I was *loving*. They used to laugh like hell, too. It has nothing in the whole world so funny as to see a man you know flat out on his arse and catching wood hell.

The funniest story, "The Nightwatchman's Occurrence Book", is also, very largely, the affronted monologue of an eloquent, uneducated Negro. As the baker sadly remarks, "Every race have to do special things".

NO WOMB

D. F. O'NEIL: *Implosion*. 264pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. 30s.

Mr. Jones's second science fiction novel describes the effects of the reverse of the population explosion; a population implosion caused by a drug which renders almost every woman in the world sterile. The few that retain their child-bearing ability are treated like brood mares, fed fertility drugs and compelled to produce new citizens for a crumbling society.

The idea is basically an excellent one, and the plot is often neatly worked out; for example, countries take to raiding each other's mother farms. But the book attempts too much: the hero, Dr. John Bart, Minister of Health and later Prime Minister, is a singularly unlikeable hero and his affair with his wife's sister is a perfunctory and largely unnecessary complication. The action covers some 20 years with the result that the reader never gets any sense of the slow disintegration of morals and society as the implications of the drug are realized.



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KING FREDDIE

THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA: *Desecration of My Kingdom*. 194pp. Constable. 35s.

Kings are unfashionable in Africa in these days of newly-found independence. This account by "King Freddie" of his removal by military force, by the Uganda Prime Minister (now President Obote), is in a sense typical. It is the story of the traditional ruler ousted by the modern politician.

In the Kabaka's case, however, that is only the superficial view. The Kabaka, after all, had already accepted the realities of political power by agreeing to fill the role of ceremonial President of Uganda. As Kabaka, he remained—remains—the traditional, respected and widely influential ruler of the Buganda, the most developed, most politically sophisticated and centrally placed of the various peoples of Uganda. Even in this role, however, he was far from being an absolute monarch, although wielding far more power in practice than does the British sovereign, for example.

It was perhaps inevitable that Dr. Obote, not himself a Muganda, having consolidated his political position by a long series of extremely astute alliances and manoeuvres, should decide to complete the process of consolidation by removing from the scene the aristocratic focus of potential, and indeed actual, rivalry. His method—the launching of an attack on the Kabaka's palace—was brutal. The question that is of interest for the future (and the Uganda-Buganda dispute is by no means ended yet) is whether Dr. Obote was as astute in his final move as he had been hitherto, or whether he overreached himself. The Kabaka has a clear answer: "Obote is he having much as the British did when they exiled me, and making the same mistakes, though he has added violence and chaos." In the end, as from the British exile, he will return. Time will show whether this belief is justified. It would run contrary to the African pattern, but Buganda and its relationship with Uganda has no exact parallel elsewhere.

Meanwhile the real interest of the Kabaka's book is its autobiographical content. Early upbringing, Cambridge, the Grenadier Guards, unsuccessful marriage, these are all described with great frankness and much humour. Where the political touches the personal, as with Sir Andrew Cohen's decision to exile the Kabaka, for failing to cooperate in Sir Andrew's gubernatorial policies, or with the account of the Uganda

constitutional conference under Mr. Iain Macleod, what the author has to say is naturally of interest, as the comment of one of the main actors on the scene.

In general, however, the Kabaka does not emerge from these pages as a particularly shrewd political observer. He writes with far greater relish of the social and ceremonial than of the strictly political—not surprisingly, since he was brought up to reign rather than to govern. This interesting book is marred by a number of small but irritating proof-reading errors.

AFRICAN AID

GUY HUNTER: *The Best of Both Worlds. A Challenge on Development Policies in Africa*. 132pp. Oxford University Press, for the Institute of Race Relations. 16s. (Paperback.)

The question of aid to underdeveloped countries is always under discussion these days. Indeed, as disillusion with the policies of independent African countries spreads, the question is frequently whether aid should be given at all. Mr. Hunter has no doubt about that. The development of tropical Africa, he comments, is "among the most challenging, the most puzzling, potentially the most creative enterprises of the later twentieth century." Having accepted that aid should be provided, however, Mr. Hunter challenges many of the assumptions (traditionally made by the donors).

In this penetrating survey, he examines actual conditions in Africa, and analyses the real, rather than the superficial problems which aid must solve. In the process, he challenges many well-established ideas. He warns of the unproductive cost of teams of experts in sophisticated techniques when their expertise is let loose in an unsophisticated country. He underlines the importance, often ignored by economists, of small quantities in the contributions of the aid in the bush. Most important of all, he states convincingly the view that, though education is necessary for economic growth, it is not in itself sufficient to produce growth. He follows this up by suggesting a radical reappraisal of educational policies.

Mr. Hunter is lucid and well-informed. His book is short, easy to read, and eminently well worth reading.

WHITE POWER

DOUGLAS REED: *Insanity Fair '67*. Anthony Gibbs. 25s.

In 1936, as he keeps reminding us, Douglas Reed was right about Hitler in his book *Insanity Fair*. Therefore, we are asked to believe, he is right in his assessment of the Rhodesian situation.

Presumably, as a responsible journalist, Mr. Reed would agree that to assess a situation it is necessary to look objectively at the facts. He does not seem to have been particularly successful in doing so in this volume. For one thing, as he explains, he has a strong personal commitment to the policy of apartheid. I now know a little of Africa and judge that this "Bantuist" method is the only way of enabling white and black people to live together in one territory in a relationship of mutual respect and betterment, while ensuring the survival of white nationhood.

For another, the facts, surprisingly enough in view of his perception in the case of Hitler, to see the link between one master race philosophy and another. It is particularly odd because a number of the present leading exponents of apartheid in South Africa were supporters of Hitler.

Then Mr. Reed has an unfortunate tendency to treat the statements of interested parties as facts. For example, he described relations between the British Government and Sir Roy Welensky from "Sir Roy's point of view."

He is strangely moved by outward forms—the presence of the Queen's portrait, the procedures of Parliament—and strangely blind to the realities of power. In describing some of the more controversial habits of the Smith regime in Rhodesia, Mr. Reed ignores aspects which surely should be taken into account. For example, he writes

of the power to "restrict" (his quotes) "persons identified with the terror, and in exceptional cases to hold in prison for a limited period". He does not mention the Constitution Amendment Act of 1966, which permits the Rhodesian Government to pass laws for restriction without a state of emergency—and incidentally permits detainees to be put to forced labour for "educational reasons". Again, he remarks that "chiefs are chiefs by tradition of birth" but omits to mention that under the Emergency Powers (African Affairs) Regulations, 1967, the Minister may suspend a chief "if he thinks it necessary or desirable" may order him, and his family to leave their home area, and may appoint another person to act as chief "on such conditions as the Minister may in his case see fit."

Stylistically, Mr. Reed is an apostrophe of the condescending apostrophe "enquiring reader", "fellow seekers after knowledge". He is also addicted to the more facetious manifestations of judicial ignorance, referring, for example, to "Mr. Botopofey" and "Mrs. Judith Hart" who "was now, the newspapers said, 'Minister of State for Commonwealth Relations'".

He is strongly critical of the B.B.C. for reports on Rhodesia from "other places". In fact, reports from Dar es Salaam or Zomba about Rhodesia should never be published or broadcast without verification. This is a fair point—but Mr. Reed does not apparently feel bound by his own rule. He reports authoritatively, but often unconsciously, on the situation in other African countries. If one wants to understand Mr. Douglas Reed, this is an invaluable book.

SINO-AFRICAN

FRANÇOIS JOHN HUYI: *The Dragon's Embrace. The Chinese Come to Africa*. 152pp. Puffin Press. 25s. (Paperback, 15s.)

The fact that Lanzana has taken in a group of Chinese army instructors does not constitute a breach of her sovereignty. The readiness with which some Western observers leap to the assumption that President Nyerere is a pawn of the Chinese "only shows that, when convenient to them, they are prone to adopt the same double standard of which they accuse Africans."

This is one of the arguments set out by Mr. Huyi, and it is a good example of his same and objective approach. He generally obeys his own precept and offers cool appraisal rather than rash assumption. Mr. Huyi is a Ghanaian, and went to Peking in 1960 on an official Ghana Government scholarship, to study medicine. While there he quickly became disillusioned with the Chinese, and in this book he records and analyses China's long record of subversive activity combined with hypocritical assurances of good intention. He discusses the Chinese approach to Africa, and interprets Chou En-lai's notorious speech about excellent revolutionary prospects, made during his 1963-64 African journey. Mr. Huyi leaves his readers in no doubt about the underlying reality of Chinese aims and intentions, and of their readiness to exploit any kind of discontent. He examines, for example, Chinese support for the feudal Tutsi traditional rulers of Rwanda against the majority Hutu.

One would have expected that, having in their doctrine condemned feudalism, the Chinese would normally support the Hutu of Rwanda against the reimposition of feudalism. But other considerations were guiding Peking's actions. Communists... will opportunisticly collaborate with any non-communist movement to achieve their own purposes, after which the non-communist movement is promptly neutralized.

As a corollary to the warning which he utters to his fellow Africans, Mr. Huyi is strongly critical of Africa's own weaknesses and failures. He condemns the Organization of African Unity's failure to protest at the

Les Origines de la civilisation atlantique: *De la Bouda à l'Age des Lumières* by Claude Lévi-Strauss (473pp. Paris: Albin Michel, 1966). This is the second volume of a projected trilogy, but the first in the Atlantic zone in its widest sense. It covers the period 1450-1600. A final chapter deals with the same period. Based on secondary works, this volume is very impressive example of vulgarization.

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It is on the teacher that the burden falls of creating more lasting links between Arts and Science. The contributors to this book are teachers in schools and universities, and fully represent both sides of the problem. Both general aspects and specific details of the controversy are discussed, and the views expressed differ markedly from those in other books on the subject.

WALTER WHITER:
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Edited by Alan Over and Mary Bell

Originally published in 1794, this study of Shakespeare's imagery was a revolution in textual criticism of the period. This edition incorporates Whiter's notes for an unpublished second edition.

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First published in 1950, this is one of the few really substantial essays on literature of recent times. Sartre examines the role of the writer in society with immense vigour and erudition. David Gauthier, in a new introduction, summarises the developments in Sartre's thought of literature since 1947. 30s. University Paperback.

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Frank Cass

HE'S THE TALKINGEST

JACK OLSEN: *Cassius Clay. A Biography*. 216pp. Pelham Books. 30s.
JOHN COTTELL: *Man of Destiny*. 363pp. Muller. 35s.

"That Clay," one of his opponents remarked, "is sure the talkingest man I ever knew." Yet Cassius Clay looks a traditional figure in the pattern of formalized human conflict. The talking champions are nothing new. Clay just does it more and better than most. Words before blows: the instinct is ancient and the motivation self-reassuring. Fear-provoking, audience-stimulating—has probably changed little. For all that, it is a long way from the primitive chest-thumpers to the irrepressible self-bossing charm of the man they called the Kentucky Rooster and the Louisville Lip who now, in his more chastened emergence as a Black Muslim, calls himself Muhammad Ali. He has made a one-man folklore out of his dancing boasts, far fresher than the run of commercial jingles.

Clay swings with a left, Clay swings with a right, Clay swings with a right, Clay swings with a left. Just look at young Cassius carry the light...

His talking prose style—as noted by Mr. Olsen, an American sports journalist who seems a reliable and diligent private ear without being in any evident danger of idolizing his subject—also ripples with a lively grace:

I like to hit a guy with two fast left jabs, a right cross and then a big left hook. If he's still standing after that—and if it ain't the referee that's holding him up—I run.

"My fists will speak for me," was Liston's counter to Clay's pre-flight verbal jabs, a line that could be matched a thousand times in the literature of champs and challengers. There is also fun in the fierce ritual, a degree of elaborate acting-up. Told by Clay that he fought "like an old washerwoman", George Chuvalo turned up at the next Clay press conference in a gingham dress and mob cap, whereupon Clay informed him that he dressed even worse than he fought. And Mr. Cotrell recalls that when he was faced with an avalanche of Clay's gibes and insults, Sonny Liston merely raised two fingers—no doubt a satire on Clay's own propaganda technique of predicting (with alarming success) the exact round in which he proposes to fell an opponent.

But there are limits, in this game, to dignified silence. One retort of the much-provoked Liston's, quoted by Mr. Cotrell, brings to mind a

grimmer element in this folklore of lip-boxing. "That's the sound," he said as his mighty fists crunched into the punchbag, "your bones will make when I break them." ("I'll grind his bones," as an earlier champion told his challenger, "to make my bread.") But Clay proved to be the giant-killer, and this brings us to his current bout with public opinion and his inevitable betrayal of the deeper mythology of the American ring. The heavyweight title is profoundly symbolic: giant-slaying Jack and Goliath-like figures are passionately sought. There is appeal as well as absurdity, it may be, in the notion that a black boy can start out as the shining white hope of Louisville and, by virtue of pure living and untainted ferocity, bring home the Grail of the world title. Anyway, when Cassius Clay turned into Muhammad Ali the giant-killer himself became the ogre overnight. The probationary St. George, announcing that he would fight no Vietcong, changed into the dragon.

Now he is part victim, part satirist of the American dream. The story of his initial rejection by the Army on the grounds of psychological inadequacy, duly recounted in both these books, reads like a piece of that self-mocking comedy the Americans used to be so good at. "I only said I was the greatest—I never said I was the smartest," was Clay's response to the public outcry. The testing seems to have been genuinely conducted on both sides. Could it be that Clay was more intelligent than the intelligence-testing system? By the time the rules had been changed and he was allowed into the fold, the potential shining knight and Commie-slayer had diabolically turned into the Black Muslim beast.

Mr. Olsen clearly thinks there are still moments when Clay has sound, all-American principles. Whenever he picks up the telephone and has one of his long talks with his mother, for example, he is "most like a real person, with a genuine, integrated personality." One obvious thing about Clay is that he has a more vivid way with words than the professional word-men. Boxing, as Mr. Cotrell remarks, will undoubtedly be duller when he has gone. Clay puts it more appealingly. "No more poems, no predictions, no more hollering." Hamlet, another wordy and moody duellist at odds with his society, hardly expressed it better.

GROWING UP THE HARD WAY

C. S. FORESTER: *Long Before Forty*. 254pp. Michael Joseph. 30s.

Laying down an autobiography is a chancier business than laying down wine; it may come back into the light and air with flavour enhanced, or it may emerge unreadable. That could never be said of *Long Before Forty*, C. S. Forester's account of his first thirty years which surfaced from the vaults of his bank when he died. Yet for all its clarity and apparent candour it has a baffling bouquet. Were those childhood years before the First World War on the whole happy or miserable? It is hard to tell, and as we read on we see why. Forester has a curiously ambiguous attitude to the brutal earnings and bullying that went on at the various schools he attended. Mainly he seems to approve. The earning was an unqualified encouragement to learning, and the bullying did him no harm so far as he can tell.

I learned a number of lessons of extreme value to a poor small boy. I learned not to use the repartee which came to my lips; I learned to make myself quite inconspicuous continuously as well as on occasions; I learned not to show any emotion of any kind...

These are not lessons that would earn high educational marks today, particularly for a budding writer, though they help to explain Forester's reluctance to reveal his feelings. When he went on to a public school at sixth form level he saw "boys who had been bullied into semi-idiotism". Even then, he cannot be sure that the virtues of the system do not outweigh the horrors. Forester's education certainly had no deleterious effect on his energy and zeal. When he failed to qualify as a doctor and set up as a novelist he began at the fantastic speed of 6,000 words a day, but he soon modified this headlong pace. Few writers have described their working

INSIDE STORY

TONY PARKER: *A Man of Good Abilities*. 206pp. Hutchinson. 30s.

It all began five years ago with a letter from a prisoner called "Norman Edwards", serving a sentence of eight years' preventive detention. He asked Mr. Parker, who has written several books dealing with the treatment of offenders, to contribute an article to the prison magazine. The result was a two-way traffic consisting of letters, which continued until the prisoner's transfer to a hostel where he passed the last six months of his sentence, and afterwards of tape-recorded conversations. These, with extracts from a diary and a notebook, one kept by the author and the other by "Norman Edwards", make up this interesting book. It tells the life story of the central figure, "A Man of Good Abilities"—a title adapted from a phrase used by William Arabin, who served as Judge-Advocate under Lord Melbourne.

"Norman Edwards" was prison librarian and editor of the prison magazine. His experience fitted him to act in both capacities. He was very intelligent. He had had a long and varied career, beginning with several petty larcenies when he was eighteen. Some twenty convictions qualified him first for Borstal, then for various terms of imprisonment, and finally, at the age of fifty-nine, for preventive detention.

The remarkable thing about him was that his career was quite inexplicable. He came from a good home. His parents were religious people. He was one of four children, all of whom were brought up in the same way, neither spoiled, nor over-protected. The other three lived ordinary, normal lives. He was clever at school, did well in examinations, and was always high in term results.

Yet he liked to play truant, he was attracted by delinquency, and he preferred a life of crime. It was the excitement, more than anything else, that made him steal in the first place; then he enjoyed the easy life—between terms of imprisonment—which his crimes brought him. Certainly he had much ability, and he

took pride in his dishonest technique. Nothing pleased him more than giving himself a well-conceived and fully convincing false reference. This book is uncommon in that it gives, principally, the views of an expert on prison life and training from inside. Yet some of the opinions expressed must necessarily be controversial—for instance, that a long sentence in no way deters. The author contends that the repeated periods of imprisonment to which "Norman Edwards" has been sentenced have been totally ineffective in changing his course. He writes: "It says little for the open-mindedness of our judiciary that no attempt whatsoever has ever been made to break away from the rigorously punitive pattern with which he has been consistently treated."

Other observers may well point out that punishment has two purposes—to deter the offender from repeating his offence and to deter other persons from committing the same or a similar offence. Not all offences qualify for reformatory processes. Hence the introduction of preventive detention by the Criminal Justice Act of 1948. Even so it was found that some offenders were prepared to make a belated effort to become good citizens, and accordingly prison hostels were set up.

The fact that preventive detention is to be abolished by the new Criminal Justice Act on October 1 may perhaps be justification for some at least of the criticisms expressed by "Norman Edwards". But the new Act will provide an alternative to preventive detention. In the case of a persistent offender it will enable the court, if it is satisfied that it is expedient to protect the public from him for a substantial time, to impose what is called an extended term of imprisonment. This book by Tony Parker may stimulate interest among prison reformers in the change. Certainly "Norman Edwards" was a notable discovery and his reflections on how to become a failure in life make interesting reading.

To be published in October:

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A study of the genesis of management by an economic historian is a welcome addition to those introductory chapters on "pioneers" found in most management textbooks. —*Times Educational Supplement*. "Professor Pollard has written an important and original book..." —*The Economist*.

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A special welcome awaits the scholar bold enough to attempt to reduce the multitudinous economic facts of the last half-century or so to some sort of order. Mr. Pollard is one of the first to make the attempt and the result is an extremely useful book. —*The Economist*.

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In writing this book the author had in mind the needs of those whose only acquaintance with economics would be a subsidiary course taken for a single year, and in particular the needs of students of technology or science who wanted to get a general idea of the working of the industrial world on which they might have to depend for a living.

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EDWARD ARNOLD

41 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

DUTCH ROMANTIC

WILLEM KLOOS and his friend, Jacques Perk, who died of consumption at the age of twenty-two, occupy in Dutch literary history much the same place as Keats and Shelley in our own but sixty years later. This delay makes all the difference and English readers may surely be forgiven if they cannot share the enthusiasm of at least the older generation of Dutch critics for the "Fachtigers," the poets of the 1880s, as self-appointed leader of whom Kloos saw himself. For the student of comparative literature, however, they present an almost suspiciously neat case of international influence and, in Kloos at least, a striking example of the power of the image of poet-as-hero and of the art life.

About the existence of the Shelleyan influence there is no doubt. *Willem Kloos: zijn leven, zijn leven, 1859-1938*, a commendably thorough piece of scholarship, reproduces the poet's never-completed translation of Shelley's "Lines Written in the Vale of Chamouni," together with his essay on Byron and Shelley. The debt that both Kloos and Perk acknowledged to Shelley was twofold—as poet and as critical theorist. Indeed, Kloos's own importance is not least that of being the first coherent Dutch poetic theorist and critic: his various essays on Perk especially have a status in Dutch Romantic poetry comparable to Wordsworth's "Prefaces." Not that this is in any way formal, academic criticism. Rather, it is *gevoelskritiek*, impressionistic, intuitive and based on the emotions. Its major tenets are not unfamiliar: "L'art pour l'art," unity of form and content and art as passion, that is, "the most individual possible expression of the most individual possible emotion." For Kloos and Perk poetry is a value art whose task, as Kloos saw it, is to transform reality into imagination and imagination into reality. In one passage,

Willem Kloos: *zijn leven, zijn leven, 1859-1938*. Introduced by Hubert Michael. 384pp. The Hague: Bert Bakker.

reminiscent of Jean Paul, he goes out of his way to praise the visionary's confusion of poetry and religion. Something of the tone of his criticism may be gauged from the following plea for a new impetus in Dutch literature:

Beauty slumbers on the floor of life, but only he can win who bears the ardour in his soul and the will in his hand and the kiss on his brow.

Whatever its negative side-effects, such a shift of emphasis inevitably created a heady new sense of freedom and enterprise in Dutch literature, a freedom to be itself, indeed, to find itself.

Yet even without occasional references to Swinburne and Rossetti, English readers might well find similarities of mood and attitude to some of the Pre-Raphaelites more striking than the acknowledged debts to Shelley in theme and diction. For whereas the Romantic literary attitudes that the Pre-Raphaelites adopted had already been pre-diluted by bourgeois or picturesque and escapist elements in Tennyson and Browning, Kloos and Perk, and after them, Gorter, Verwey and Van Eeden, because they lacked native intermediaries, short-circuited the process by imitating just such aspects of Shelley's life and work as were important for their own land's literary development. Thus it is that the messianic social and political reformer of *Queen Mab*, *The Revolt of Islam* or *The Mask of Anarchy* is unrepresented in Kloos, the stress falling rather on those aspects of Shelley's genius and life that are evident in *Epipsychidion* or the *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*, his pantheism, mysticism, and above all his cult of beauty.

Not surprisingly, since for Kloos the function of art is quite simply the creation of beauty. This attitude is borne out in the essay on *Shelley and Byron*. Here Kloos maintains that the fame of Byron, "the archangel or arch-devil of Romanticism," is due less to a collection of choice fragments that will last than to the irrelevantly based reception abroad of the

Byronic myth. Shelley, on the other hand, his struggles versus the society of his time exaggerated in the interests of his heroic stature, is praised for the "spiritualization of natural phenomena" and is claimed as the poet for Kloos's own time, because of his "passion for the ideal, his titanic concepts, his mysteries of imagination and melody, combined with his grandiose philosophy free of all tradition." Shelley is praised too for his elevation of the poet's role, as the essay on Perk makes clear.

Others may bend down and pray in hope or fear, as if through the planks of the grave they could detect the fragrance of paradise and could confine their movements towards the vistas of eternal bliss between the hovels of the Christian virtues; more blisful, though, the poet, who sees with an admiring gaze the things of this world pass by and allows the radiance of his own beauty to play over everything, permits himself no sigh of longing when they recede, death seems as sweet and wonderful to him as life—but who is at once godhead and beloved, raving and rejoicing, weeping and brooding, alone with his soul beneath the blue eternities.

This attitude underlines his stress on his difference as poet from the pettiness of the bourgeoisie that we find expressed with almost Yeatsian vehemence in such poems as "Als het latere geslacht des woorden leet . . ." or "Dit gansche geslacht is een verdoemnis geweest." Unlike Yeats, though, he has no coherent, positive order to offer, no social alternatives however improbable. Indeed, one could perhaps interpret his constant stress on the bourgeoisie's approaching doom as a secularized, artistic equivalent of the Calvinist he opposed, even down to his variant of the "Vanitas" theme: "De mensche moet doodgaan eer de kunstenaar leeft." (The human being must die before the artist can live.)

Those who share Kloos's aesthetic standpoint might claim that these views do indeed contain the essential elements of the Romantic revolt, though from any other standpoint they will seem very narrow. Yet it is understandable enough why

such a revolution was needed in Holland, was long overdue and why the Fachtigers were so widely acclaimed: with very few exceptions nineteenth-century Dutch literature was indeed derivative and provincial, dully domesticated and Calvinistically moralizing. Although both Bilderdijk at the start of the century and Potgieter in the 1850s exhibited some Romantic tendencies, there was no Dutch Romantic movement as such until 1880. In Kloos's case certainly, awareness of his own pioneer mission led to kinds of over-emphasis which may be excused as the first excesses of revolutionary zeal but which hardly deserve to be singled out for praise.

One such overemphasis is found in his self-aggrandizement, even to the point of auto-deification, evident for instance in such notorious lines as "Ik ben een God in 't diepste van mijn gedachten" ("I am a God in the deepest reaches of my thoughts"). Such a pose would be the more bearable if Kloos did not so often descend to an unpleasant pathos and self-pity that is reminiscent of Wilde or the later Verlaine (whom he met and to whom he dedicated two of his French sonnets). Like Wilde, Kloos sees himself not simply as a victim of a society's indifference but actually as a martyr, a misunderstood apostle of beauty:

God, die mijn diepste Ziel ziet, wees Voor dees Uw arme, die maar steeds, Wordt door de kleinen en hun Jodel O God, mijn God, wees dees mijn Ziel genadig!

Zie, 'k gaf mijn hart den menschen, 'k U aan mijn rooden bloed-stroom met diep knagen . . . (God, who sees to my soul's depths, be to this your poor servant who is always by the small-minded and their futile cares, O God, my God, have mercy on my soul! Look, I gave my heart to mankind, yourselves on my red blood-stream, gnawing deeply . . .)

He delights in describing his own misery and anticipating his own death: Maar neen, maar neen, 'k heb 't beste deel gekozen: Op mijne grafsteen bloeden reizen de rozen (But no, but no, I have chosen the best part: Upon my grave roses already bloom And before winter it will be accomplished.)

There are occasional touches of the sardonic but none of the self-irony that sometimes enlivens his letters penetrates to the poetry. For here he is concerned with a small number of recognizably Romantic themes, notably death and decay, desire for a hard-won immortality ("Maar ik zal heerlijk in mijn vers herrijzen . . ."). But I shall rise up again glorious in my verse") and, of course, the splendid isolation of the artist. True the omission of sixty-four poems from this selection serves to tone down the more extreme self-apotheosis, present even in his earliest poems written in German, and there are compensations. The vigour with which these themes are treated reveals itself more in terms of speech rhythms, enjambement and rhetorical disruption of metre than of imagery, which for the most part is conventionally, almost emblematically, Romantic. On the other hand, at its rare best Kloos's work possesses an almost Tennysonian aural felicity:

Nauw zichtbaar weigen op een lichten zucht De witte bloesems in de schemering: Hoe lichte mijn venster met nog ras gerucht Een enkele, al te late vogelvlucht. (Scarcely visible on a gentle sigh float the white blossoms in the twilight: Look how past my window with still swift rumour of wings a single bird, already too late, flies.)

Whether his favourite form, the sonnet—which he took not from Shelley but from the German Romantics—was the ideal medium for his assertiveness is another matter; the frequent over-ingenious double or triple rhyme words suggest not, and it may well be that his shorter lyrics, such as the *Doodliedjes*, are the better poetry, if only because less rhetorical. For in vocabulary and imagery most of Kloos's sonnets are

very repetitive and rely too much on the same abstraction, "leven," "schoneid," "smart"; the same poem images involving "vloed," "weerschijs"; and the overuse of such constructions as the *Wat is dat diepste van die mijn wezen?* stylization, in fact, is the sort of thing that the average love letter since the emotion is at once given and assumed to be by words, these can merely go towards rather than embody life.

Unlike the Pre-Raphaelites, who did not seek any objective part in the Middle Ages for their idealism. Nor does Nature figure in that of Perk and Gorter, there is nothing to divert him himself and his imagined ideal that the tone fluctuates in adolescent fashion between idealizing and harsh imagery, the two being in a sense complementary. Thus, in spite of the pangs of the sublime, one feels pity for the "grandiose phony" that he admired in Shelley.

What we have missed is a Romantic emphasis on individualism, on the unique personality or organic form adapted to a pressure of the poet's own idiosyncrasies, combined with a belief in, and desire for, mythical or ideal Beauty. From the poet as a divinely inspired, of a higher beauty that is exclusively through him it is a short step to a view of the poet himself as a divine—an attitude Dutch editors' initial resistance Kloos's own poetry and criticism only have intensified.

In practice, the first half of Kloos's life was anything but divine. The details of Kloos's youth, as Hubert Michael's 100-page introduction, although they do not account for his rebelliousness, line certain character traits that are in his poetry. The first dream of his relatively calm, lower class youth came in 1877 when, best friend and schoolmate, Beckering, committed suicide, failing important government examinations. This friend is first mentioned and then killed in Kloos's poems. Shortly afterwards, athletic and usually ambivalent, he came under the influence of Willem Doornik, a Classics tutor, to one of whose pious daughters he was intensely engaged. Much of the 1880s and 1890s were filled for Kloos with attempts to avoid military service or to commit suicide, with hallucinations, expressions, with the beginnings of passionate friendships, and in as many years before he finally relaxed into marriage.

Selection of letters also shows a worldly side to Kloos, as when he found himself counselling the young way in his love life or lamenting lack of opposition to his own loss with Martha Doornik. He was accompanied by the mother's approval and the father's bewilderment, again, writing sarcastic letters to his editors.

The final effect of Kloos's life is not unlike an amalgam of the Henley and the Meredith in *Love*, and about as genuinely in *Love*. The 1880s mark an important watershed in European literature—the era of Ibsen, Strindberg, Maupassant, and Mallarmé—and Kloos argued that in terms of literature, the 1890s mark an even more important watershed in Dutch literature. He was not alone in this view. In 1938 at the age of seventy Kloos wrote no more poems, but he wrote himself to criticism, to have outlived his revolution, and to have outlived his youth as a poet. The fact that these propositions bear the authority of the "Writers' Union" is proof enough of

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
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NOVOTNY'S FREEDOM

The final declaration of the Fourth Congress of the Union of Czechoslovak Writers held last June has now been published in translation in *Les Lettres Françaises* (No. 1196, 2fr.), having previously appeared in the official organ of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union, *Literární Noviny*. Surprisingly, in view of reports that the Czechoslovak Government is continuing indulging in a bout of Stalinist philistinism, the declaration is as sane and judicious. It would perhaps be too much to ask that some of the knottier points raised at the Congress be included in an official document. The absence of any reference to delegates' expressions of sympathy with the Israelis is conspicuous. Indeed it was this very issue that supposedly provoked the Government's repressive measures; Ladislav Mňačko's citizenship for instance was revoked precisely because of his pro-Israeli stance. However, the good sense revealed in the Fourth Congress's declaration and countenanced at least by the official literary hierarchy makes the Government's attitude, exemplified in President Novotný's sinister warning to writers of September 1, but most particularly by the savage five-year prison sentence imposed on Jan Benes, look all the more tragically ludicrous.

The declaration has some sensible, if not outstandingly original, things to say, for instance, about the role of culture in an industrial society. Up to now, it warns, the efforts of the revolution have been concentrated too exclusively on the achievement of material progress. The balance must be redressed, for culture alone is competent to arrest the alienating effects of technology.

What sort of culture? The Czechoslovak writers demand a "humanist" culture—humanist in the sense that "nothing human is alien to us." Thus "every discovery about man's destiny, every new truth about man" however distasteful, is worthy of the writer's attention. Since 1949, there has been an "inexorable confusion between ideology and culture" in Czechoslovakia, and "the consequences have been tragic for creativity." The true function of culture is to make people think, and yet by turning it into propaganda whose only aim is ruthlessly to condition the responses of mass audiences, the revolution has reduced culture to the level of pornography. One of the great achievements of socialism has been to stamp out illiteracy, but in its efforts at cultural dissemination the revolution has wasted a unique opportunity, for it has not been able to distinguish between vulgarization and vulgarity.

The Czechoslovak revolution is further taken to task for abandoning the conviction of Lenin himself that "revolution should never seek to destroy the cultural achievements of the preceding bourgeois epoch. In the interwar period Czechoslovakia was, according to this document, a thoroughly democratic state." A wide variety of aesthetic and ideological tendencies flourished without detriment to each other. Why, it is regrettable that, like Wordsworth's criticism and the fragment *Ode on the Ruins of St. Augustine* with some of Keats's, Kloos should have concentrated so exclusively on the single aspect of Shelley's life in the mid-1890s until his death in 1938 at the age of seventy. Kloos wrote no more poems, but he wrote himself to criticism, to have outlived his revolution, and to have outlived his youth as a poet. The fact that these propositions bear the authority of the "Writers' Union" is proof enough of

the frequently repeated fact that a vast majority of Czechoslovak intellectuals stand in fervent opposition to bureaucratic intervention in the arts. That these same intellectuals are socialists, largely unsympathetic to capitalist economics and firmly identified with what they feel are the betrayed ideals of the revolution, is also well known. Indeed, there is every evidence that even the party members of the Writers' Union—Mr. Mňačko himself was a party member, and a number of other eminent writers, among them Jan Proházka and Ludvík Vaculík, have now been expelled from the party for rebelliousness—are usually in sympathy with the most militant non-conformists. The tragedy is that a small number of bureaucrats are able to perpetuate a situation repugnant to a vast majority of people.

And writers continue to be harassed, sometimes in the most absurd cloak and dagger fashion.

It would seem, particularly if the young writers' manifesto recently published in *The Sunday Times* is authentic—it was disclaimed by the Writers' Union—that a violent showdown between the intellectuals and the bureaucrats may not be far away. The same may be true of the Soviet Union. There, for the time being, fairly insignificant and unfortunately rather mediocre young writers must bear the brunt of the bureaucrats' fury—the underground magazine *Phoenix 1966* which in a way started the chain reaction that has now landed several young writers, including Bukovsky, in gaol, contains nothing of literary merit. But famous writers have been luckier, and there are indications that for them vigorous dissent can produce results. It has for instance been reported that after his courageous letter to the Writers' Congress last May Solzhenitsyn's private papers and manuscripts were returned by the police, and there are rumours that his novel, *The Cancer Ward*, may at last be published. The worldwide repugnance caused by the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel may have made the authorities think twice about what the consequences for Soviet prestige would be if they imprisoned Solzhenitsyn or, say, Voznesensky, whose recent letter to *Pravda* was as outspoken as anything ever published by Sinyavsky and Daniel. For the really important writers, firmly articulated dissent may now be a more effective weapon than silence.

END STARKIE.
23 Walton Street, Oxford.

THE ORDEAL OF EVELYN WAUGH

Sir,—In your "The Ordeal of Evelyn Waugh" (August 24), I am struck by your reviewer's reference to "the artificial heroines of Michael Arlen, Huxley (Aldous, I presume) and Hemingway" (it is not clear whether Waugh or your reviewer considers them to be "artificial").

Neither is it clear just which heroines we are to consider this tainted—since these three writers all produced several novels each, with leading ladies in proportionate numbers. Nor do we know what he means by "artificial." Assuming, however, that we are to take the dictionary definition of unreal, in the case of at least three of the ladies in question, nothing could be further from the fact.

I refer, of course, to Iris March in *The Green Hat*, to Lady Brett in *The Sun Also Rises*, and to the heroine of *Point Counterpoint*, whose name escapes me at the moment. These were indeed as much more orthodox heroines as Michael Arlen's, Huxley's, or Hemingway's best novels, and perhaps the most successful, and perhaps the most realistic, of the three. It is instructive to note that, far from being "artificial," the heroines of all three of these novels were based on real people—in fact, on the same person. I do not know if it is generally known, but the late Nancy Cunard was the model for all three women. (My authorities are Janet Planner and the late Lady Kiley, who knew Hemingway in Paris.)

For me, at least, Julia Marchmain in *Remains of the Day* is one thing only. *Remains* is cut from the same cloth. The time would be tight, too, if I had been there before: first with Sebastian in the early 1920s, then with the Ryder in the early 1930s. But more likely someone else knew—someone else at different places. It would be amusing if it were Nancy again.

JOHN GUTTER.
36 Marvin Avenue, Brewster, New York.

den is very well known among students of British regional history. I cannot see in what way I defame De Leon. I have read a good deal of his writings and he did, I think, represent that irrelevance to the realities of American life which was the weakness of American Marxism. The fault may be in America, but the true fault may be vindicated; but that is a matter of opinion. Daniel De Leon was an interesting man, more intelligent but no more important than H. M. Hyndman. I know that the older he got, the more heard denied his obvious debt to Marx and stressed his, admittedly greater, debt to Madison. But I stick to my view that Beard, for the most fruitful period of his life, was a "kind of Marxist". What is a 100 per cent Marxist? Did Marx not deny that he was a Marxist as tradition affirms? Professor Daniels seems to believe that there is an orthodox Marxist Vatican which defines the meaning of "Marxist". If so, where is it? It is not even clear any more that there is, in the old sense, an orthodox Vatican of the kind!

LIFE AND LOVES OF FLAUBERT

Sir,—Your reviewer (September 7) of my recent book on Flaubert is entitled to his personal opinions of it and I do not intend to challenge him on them. But he is surely being unreasonable when he objects: "There is nothing about Flaubert's magnificent technical originality which made him the greatest virtuoso who has ever practised prose fiction, and a seminal influence in the later development of the European novel."

This could not possibly have been attempted in a volume dealing only with Flaubert's first published work, and entitled *The Making of the Master*. This could be achieved only in the second planned volume, when his entire work had been viewed as a whole, and especially his masterpiece, *L'Education sentimentale*, on which his true claims for immortality lie. This would be a volume, in which your reviewer cites with approbation, dealing with the whole of Flaubert's writings.

END STARKIE.
23 Walton Street, Oxford.

Our reviewer writes:—Dr. Starkie devotes forty pages to *Madame Bovary* in which he discusses conventional matters like theme, character and characterization at some length. I cannot for the life of me see why a discussion of his technical originality should be excluded, as it were on principle, from a volume dealing only with Flaubert's first published work—it was, after all, by far his best—or why his particular aspects could only be handled in a second volume when "his entire work had been viewed as a whole". Perhaps the answer lies in Dr. Starkie's illusion that *L'Education sentimentale* and not *Madame Bovary* is Flaubert's masterpiece.

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JOHN GUTTER.
36 Marvin Avenue, Brewster, New York.

Wellek's intention to make his "aesthetic judgment as objective as possible, to do what every scientist and scholar does" (*Concepts of Criticism*, page 17) ignores how fundamentally the climate of literary and critical taste has changed during the last three centuries, and how honest a subjectivity his judgment is bound to be. My investigations concerning the various critical judgments of biblical poetry in eighteenth-century England, shortly to be published, have made me a firm adherent to Erich Auerbach's "period relativism". Yet must admit how valuable I have found Professor Wellek's four volumes, as opposed to the publications of Saintsbury and Atkins. Nobody doing serious studies on the history of literary taste in Europe will share your reviewer's doubts about the intrinsic quality of Professor Wellek's huge performance. These doubts seem not to be prompted by the fact that your reviewer unduly expects "a distinguished work of scholarship" to be "a distinguished work of literature". Which of the outstanding works of literary scholarship has ever been "a distinguished work of literature" (unless a published scientific analysis is also counted as literature)? Did Mendel's *Paper* write a work of literature about the Cid, *Loves about Coleridge*, Loomis about King Arthur, Chambers about Shakespeare, and, finally, Wimsatt and Barks about the history of criticism? Had I achieved such a work of scholarship, and a reviewer would call it a distinguished work of literature, I should feel like a historiographer who is compared with Scott or Ainsworth.

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END STARKIE.
23 Walton Street, Oxford.

SMALL PRINT

Sir,—I have read with much interest your article (August 10) on small press activities and the pursuit of correspondence (August 24, 31). It is amazing and gratifying to see such reasonable, intelligent and helpful commentary—all of it stimulated by what you must admit was a rather quick two columns. It must suggest to you what, say, an entire monthly or bi-weekly page devoted to small presses would do! Michael Armstrong's comment I think indicates both the serious need for, and the shameful lack of, good information in the field.

For some time I have been suggesting that the larger literary reviews and magazines, as well as the big publishers, "invest" in virtually their own future by supporting small magazines and presses, with review columns, critiques, reduced ad rates, grants, etc. Chances are good that the people whom you are reviewing (and, even, who write your reviews) today had their beginnings and developments through small magazines and pamphlets. Where private presses abound, art flourishes and humanity is served—though it is hell on the nerves of the bureaucrats and the trigger finger of the general.

The hope behind the *Directory of Little Magazines* and the quarterly *Small Press Review* is that of which I have generously mentioned, is to help readers, writers and small mag/press editors. We suppose that the poet who studies it carefully will find, among some prospective markets for his work, many that would not consider him for reasons of style, length, or just a difference in address. That poets are more often careless than careful is a matter for editors to work on. I personally feel that editors, placing themselves as they do between poet and print, must accept the responsibility of dealing humanely with all poets who come their way.

Whatever else may be said about relationships and responsibilities between large and small publishers, poets and editors, etc., your letter from Stuart Mills of the Trent Book Shop (August 24) put the finger on the real enemy: silence. Let there be noise.

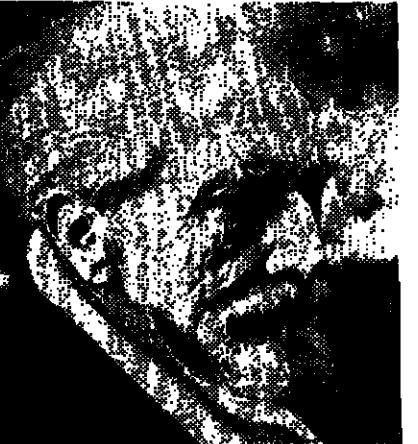
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JEFFREY'S JOURNAL

Sir,—I beg permission to use your journal to make my apologies to a scholar whom I have let down. About two years ago I undertook to write an introduction to an edition of Francis Jeffrey's unpublished American tour notes. The discoverer and transcriber of this valuable document was a distinguished member of the Glasgow University Medical School, at the moment working in Los Angeles. I received from him two copies of his transcription and a photostat of the extremely difficult manuscript. These I gave to you. I was in the course of a move or, as we say in Scotland, "a flitting", the letters have disappeared, and by a sudden breakdown in my memory I cannot recall either the name or the address of the transcriber and editor of the manuscript.

I shall be very grateful if he will write to me, and I shall send him the introduction, which of course he may now not wish to use!

D. W. BROGAN,
Hedgerley Close, Cambridge.
(Other letters are on page 824)



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WILLIAM BLAKE: *Milton: A Poem*. Facsimile Edition. Paris: The Trilac Press, for The William Blake Trust. Obtainable from Bernard Quaritch. 48gs.

Since there are only four extant copies of Blake's illuminated book, of which only one (at the British Museum) is in England, this magnificent facsimile edition is especially welcome. Perhaps for reasons of expense (the book contains some fifty plates) no facsimile edition has been made since William Muir's in 1886, made in colour from the British Museum copy; and MacGill's and Russell's in 1907. The copy reproduced by the Blake Trust is a fine one, printed in various shades of terra-cotta red ink and coloured with Blake's favourite technique of water-colour washes embellished with silver and gold. It is thought to be the last Blake made, the one bought by Wainwright the poet; it is now in better hands, in the possession of Mr. Lessing J. Rosenwald, from whose fine collection several of the Blake Trust series of facsimiles have already been made.

With the exception of *Europe*, which presents technical difficulties because Blake was experimenting with a process whose secret has not been discovered, all Blake's more important works have now been reproduced in this wonderful series, and all but *Songs of Innocence and Experience* are still available. We may hope that the Trust will be able to continue to give to Blake scholars the annual pleasure of a new volume; possibly of other copies of some of the finest works, for every copy is an original creation. It would presumably help to facilitate such a programme (if the Trust should be planning anything of the kind) if certain libraries in England and America were able and willing to lend copies in their possession for such a purpose.

As an editor Sir Geoffrey Keynes never obtrudes, never over-edits, and contrives to give all the essential facts without cumbersome critical apparatus. He offers the barest minimum of personal interpretation. It is a pity that he has relied, in this respect, upon S. Foster Damon's sometimes brilliant but always eccentric guesses. Following Damon he suggests that the theme

of *Milton* turns upon Blake's quarrels with his patron Hayley, who is, on this supposition, said to be "Satan" with Blake himself as Palamabron. Not only is this supposition quite unfounded; there is abundant evidence that the symbolic figures of Blake's great mythological and poetic inspiration have quite other meanings; Satan is repeatedly and explicitly said to be "the self-innate", or, in modern terms, the ego, in the inspiration of the poet, of whom Milton is the type.

Below the last line of the poem and the word *Finis* is a nude woman. . . . On either side stand one of two many-winged Seraphim, looking like human ears of corn. Damon interprets this as "the soul in ultimate ecstasy, between the Seraphim of love".

Here one can see the editor in the very act of being led astray from what his eyes tell him—that the two figures are "human ears of corn", the "human harvest" to which Blake refers in the previous plate in a line the editor has himself just quoted. The figures could only be supposed to be "ears of corn" by the most slapdash symbolist, who had not counted the supposed wings; Blake, who was his Seraphim, in such matters, gave his Seraphim, when he did represent them, the correct number of wings (six) and in the traditional disposition. The line has surely passed when any editor, however distinguished, can venture to interpret Blake by personal guesses of this kind.

Professor Hermann Kunisch's *Kleines Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur* (590pp., Nymphenburg Verlagshandlung, Munich, 12.80DM.) is an admirably presented selection from his big *Handbuch* on contemporary German writing published three years ago. Eliminating all articles on movements and isms, it provides revised entries for about a quarter of the authors represented there.

ANTHONY THWAITE: *The Stones of Emptiness*. Poems 1963-66. 58pp. Oxford University Press. 18s.

D. M. BLACK: *With Decorum*. 54pp. Scorpion Press. 21s.

MICHAEL BALDWIN: *How Charles Egge Lost His Way in a Creation Myth*. 110pp. Secker and Warburg. 25s.

FLEUR ADCOCK: *Tigers*. 37pp. Oxford University Press. 18s.

Anthony Thwaite's constant quest as a poet has been for means of smelting a prosaic, limiting technique and rather unexceptional material into something energetic and arresting. There has been a struggle for greater interest and diversity against deadening Movement neatness and against that dogged, Augustan preoccupation with domestic themes which made so much in his last book, *The Owl in the Tree*, decorously dull. The new volume shows us the latest stage of this personal battle, and the signs are more encouraging. It contains thirty-eight poems, beginning with tentative glances at the underside of home life in "Leavings", "Underneath", and "The Pond"; taking in English topography and history with "At Pagham Harbour" and "At Dunwich", and moving on to a resolute attempt to come to grips with a wider field: the North African landscape and past.

Some of the early poems still jog along in the old matter-of-fact way, showing an almost Georgian lack of pressure in the choice and ordering of detail.

In the village now if you call Dunwich a village now, With a handful of houses, one street, And a shack for Tizer and tea ("At Dunwich")

But at the point of change from native to foreign, a poem called "Habit", almost the best in the book, points the way to a more venturesome area:

On holiday, you are the last thing we take But take you we do, and when it's over we bring you back. If we break you, we may get fat, grow young, go mad, Wondering why we listened to what you Or wondering in the end whether you're all we've had.

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W. S. MERWIN: *The Moving Target*. 97pp. Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.

JOHN ASHBURY: *Selected Poems*. 62pp. Cape. 18s.

JOHN FREDERICK NIMS: *Of Flesh and Bone*. 70pp. Camden, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. \$3.95.

RICHARD EBERHART: *Thirty One Sonnets*. 33pp. New York: The Eakins Press. \$4.95.

W. S. Merwin emerged early as a poet, with an ample rhetoric, a long-breathed eloquence and a richness of imagery; yet all these fine qualities somehow did not add up to a distinct personality. The poems seemed like high-class art work, graceful, assured, but very seldom moving or closely engaged. It is clear from Mr. Merwin's successive books that he has tried to achieve something plainer, more direct, and in the late 1950s there appeared a number of striking poems, many of them concerned with the resilience and decay of the old, such as "Grandmother Dying", "Grandfather in the Old Men's Home", "Grandmother and Grandson", and "The Drunk in the Furnace". Stylistically, they had oddly sorted traces of Frost and Dylan Thomas in them, more embellished than Frost, more coherent than Thomas. Yet they were essentially Merwin's poems, a recognizable territory and tone.

Now, in his latest book, Mr. Merwin seems to have abandoned himself to whatever approximates in poetry to the "international style" in painting, that is, the non-narrative, neo-imagist exercise which fits equally well, or equally badly, into English, French, Spanish, German, or Japanese, a cold collation of tentative, repetitive, sometimes almost shimmering incoherence.

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SURVIVING SUPERSTRUCTURE

DEMETZ: *Marx, Engels, and the Poets*. Origins of Marxist Literary Criticism. Translated by Jeffrey L. Sammons. 278pp. University of Chicago Press. 59s. 6d.

Demetz, declared Lenin in his fact . . . that Greek art and the epic are bound to certain forms of social development. The difficulty is that they still provide us with artistic pleasure and in a certain sense represent for us a norm and an unattainable standard.

Mr. Demetz promptly turns this contradiction into one between ugly economic determinism and the beautiful free intellect which still partially enthralled the early Marx. Dialectical materialism is made to do battle with Marx's private tastes and classical education. We are then hoisted (unwillingly) from the private into the philosophical with the assertion that Marxism is in illicit union with the historicism of Vico and Herder with the notion, that is, that history does not move in a straight line. Such is our author's explication of Marx's contradiction. Such is the sum of his analysis.

Mr. Demetz has just one word to say of dialectics in his entire book: that it is "elusive". But Marxism is concerned precisely with dialectical contradictions. The task of a Marxist aesthetic is indeed to explore and account for the real (not just logical) contradiction between the survival-value of art and its social determination (in this Vico, Herder and Hegel are obvious forebears). The attempts made in this direction Mr. Demetz does not even mention, let alone explore (e.g. George Thomson's work on Greek drama, Mikhail Lifschitz's essays on Marxist aesthetics—the latter written, incidentally, at a time when, we are told, there was no literary debate in the Soviet Union). Where Mr. Demetz does deal with critics who have applied themselves to this problem (Lukács,

Agan and again Mr. Demetz disappears: he will not bite deep, will not explore, will not argue at length. All the interesting difficulties of Marxist aesthetics are tailored into logical conclusions. What do we remember of Lukács and Plekhanov from this book, except that they both tried impudently to combine Darwin and Marx?

Let us take the most serious example of this incuriosity. Mr. Demetz points out the contradiction between Marx's general materialist approach to history, according to which the superstructure, change along with the economic basis of society, and his stubborn admiration of Greek art: "the difficulty",

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INTERVENTIONS

R. S. CRANE: *The Idea of the Humanities and Other Essays: Critical and Historical*. Volume I. 311pp. Volume II. 332pp. University of Chicago Press. £5.5s. the set.

It is good to have the late R. S. Crane's essays in two handsome volumes. Some of them were published in magazines which are not readily available; others are now in print for the first time. There is a certain satisfaction in going through back numbers of *Modern Philology* and reaching, after some fruitless consultation, Vol. XXXI (1934) and Professor Crane's superb essay, "Anglican Apologetics and the Idea of Progress, 1699-1745"; but the satisfaction wears thin. It is better and easier to have the essays reprinted now and placed, where it belongs, beside companion essays from the same rich mind.

The governing theme of Professor Crane's work is implied in the title: the idea of the humanities, its history and fate. Perhaps this concern might have been inferred from his other books, especially from *Criticism and Criticism and The Languages of Criticism and the Structure of Poetry*, but it is better to have it stated out in the open. Professor Crane gives it mainly in a long historical survey of the idea from Quintilian to the present. Sometimes he argues directly, more often by implication. What he conceives as the nature of the humanities emerges most vividly when he discusses the nature in Vives, Erasmus, Montaigne, Elyot, Ascham, Sidney, Bacon, or Descartes. If he particularly admires the eighteenth century, it is partly because "something like a balance was achieved, by most of the writers of the period, between the various rival interests of earlier periods". What he offers in his own behalf is an idea of the humanities as an indispensable part of the history of culture. He is sensitive to the challenge of the physical and social sciences, but he is not intimidated. If we can put our house in order, he implies, we can continue to live there with some dignity.

If he rebukes his colleagues, it is because they do not work hard enough, do not confront the issues, settle for the nearest idea, requiring only that it be bright. Professor Crane is more severe in his requirement. In particular he insists that our procedures must be "reflective" rather than "determinant", a distinction borrowed from Kant. A determinant judgment is one in which the universal, the rule, the principle, whatever it may be, is given, "and the particulars to be explained are then subsumed under it". A reflective judgment, on the other hand, "is one in which only the particulars to be explained are given and the explanation has to be found by critical inquiry—by making many guesses and trying to rule out all those that do not fit". Among the outstanding examples of reflective scholarship one would name, from Professor Crane's own work, the essays on the genealogy of the "Man of Feeling", on the organization of Locke's *Essay*, and on *Gulliver's Travels*. These are all included in the new volumes.

Perhaps this accounts for the tone of Professor Crane's work. He is always the patient teacher, putting things in order, correcting the indolent. Forty years ago it was customary to trace the "Man of Feeling" to Shaftesbury and his disciples. Professor Crane was not satisfied. After several years he argued in one of his most famous reflective judgments that the earliest impulse which led to the popular triumph of "sentimentalism" in the middle years of the eighteenth century is to be sought in "the combined influence of numerous Anglican divines of the Latitudinarian tradition". The matter is still in dispute; but Professor Crane's essay is a characteristic intervention. He is one of those scholars who make a difference, troubling the calm stream.

In recent years Professor Crane's most brilliant intervention has been the essay on *Gulliver's Travels*. The study of Swift has been bedevilled, he implies, by bright ideas and determinant hypotheses. He reminds the unwary:

It is a basic maxim of scholarly criticism that the probability of a given hypothesis is proportionate not to our ability to substantiate it by confirmatory evidence . . . but to our inability after serious trial to rule it out in favour of some other hypothesis that would explain more completely and more simply the particulars it is concerned with.

The result of Professor Crane's reflection upon *Gulliver's Travels* is the argument that the book is organized by turning upside down the commonplace definition of man as given in the old-fashioned textbooks in logic; and particularly in Porphyry's *Isagoge* and the *Institutio logica* of Narcissus Marsh. It is still possible to murmur, here and there, along the margin of Professor Crane's essay; but that the Swiftian case is significantly altered by his intervention, there can be no doubt. Indeed, the only remaining quarrel is that Professor Crane has not included the further reflections which he has published in the meantime, notably in an issue of *Philological Quarterly*, on the same topic. He might have made a little room by cutting away some of the material on the relation between literary criticism and literary history. This was a live issue when Professor Crane confronted it, but it hardly seems worth the labour now, when we have new trouble on our hands.

Professor Crane is somewhat reticent about criticism, it seems, and particularly impatient with the excesses of modern interpretation. At one point he quotes Holmes's remark to Dr. Watson: "When I said that you stimulated me, I meant, to be frank, that in noting your fallacies I was occasionally guided towards the truth". That is the gist of Professor Crane's comment upon extravagant interpretation. Witty stuff, indeed, but not at all as valuable as the essays here collected on Anglican Apologetics, Locke, Swift, Montesquieu, Jane Austen and Hemingway.

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TAVISTOCK PUBLICATIONS

DANISH BLUES

DM DAL (Editor): *Danish Ballads and Folk Songs*. Translated by Henry Meyer. Woodcuts by Marcel Rasmussen. 303pp. Copenhagen: Rosenkilde & Bagger. 45 kr.

Denmark is rich in ballads, folk songs and allied kinds, and has been so since its earliest days. The work of editing we owe chiefly to Steen Grundtvig and his classic *Danmarks gamle Folkeviser*. Its publication began in 1853, it attracted the help of many famous scholars, and its supplementary volumes will probably be completed by the end of this decade. Among well-known writers in the field is Mr. Erik Dal, whose *Danske Viser*

DEHELLENIZING WHAT?

LESLIE DEWART: *The Future of Belief. Theism in a World Come of Age.* 223pp. Burns and Oates. 30s.

and of dogmatic development which he hopes will serve as a basis for an adaptation of Christian belief to the needs of contemporary scientific culture. The major elements in this adaptation are what the author terms the "dehellenization" of dogma, and the consequent new understanding of God as a transcendent "presence" rather than as one who exists, or evolution of truth it is conditioned by what has preceded it and is meaningful only in relation to what has preceded it. One fails to see how this is compatible with his other statements on evolution. Hence when he writes that the criterion of orthodoxy is to be found within the historical transformations of dogma, it is hard to know what is meant.

Mr. Dewart speaks of truth as the fidelity of consciousness to reality, and as an expediency and an adjustment. But his only suggestion how these can be recognized is that truth is present when there is the possibility of further truth. This is singularly unhelpful.

Mr. Dewart discusses the sense in which revelation closed with the

Unfortunately, much of the space which should have been devoted to expounding the author's constructive proposals is taken up with polemical arguments against views which are no longer held in all their rigour, and are seriously oversimplified in the heat of Mr. Dewar's argument. For example, it is doubtful whether most exegeses would admit that the Logos of the Fourth Gospel is to be understood solely against the background of Greek metaphysics, rather than in the light of

Again, Mr. Dewar's theory of truth is open to criticism. He assumes that there is necessarily an opposition between the development of consciousness according to its own nature, and the development of mind in relation to the objects of knowledge. Hence he rejects any pondence of theory to truth, and argues that the only basis for stability in truth itself. Thus he may move, without logical quaim, from the position that truth is attained only in conceptualization to the position that any

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON: *The Transformation of Man: A Study of Conversation and Community*. 280pp. Geoffrey Chapman. 30s.

EXPERIENCING GOD

ROSEMARY HAUGHTON: *The Transformation of Man: A Study of Conversion and Community*. 280pp. Geoffrey Chapman. 30s.

Women have rarely been theologians in any systematic sense, and on the whole the reason does them credit. However much the feminists may repudiate the categorizing of female capacities, it seems that the theologian's concern with speculating about the universal need and nature of man's approach to God is unsympathetic to women. A Saint Teresa or an Evelyn Underhill can describe

could be a novelist of importance. Perhaps that is why she does not really establish the case her book sets out to state. Her ingenious conclusions from the situations she describes—and in particular her "transformation-formation" theory, which sees conversion in a personal and committed way as the necessary prelude to the fruitful life of the community—are of course valid in a descriptive sense, derived from this or

Anglican Initiatives in Christian Unity. Lectures delivered in Lambeth Palace Library 1966. Edited by
B. D. M. 168pp. S.P.C.K. 27s. 6d. (Paperback, 18s. 6d.)

struction of his proofs for the existence of God. He explicitly denies this. Such arguments do less than justice to Mr. Dewart's opponents, and prejudice the reader against his own positive suggestions.

A more radical defect in the book is the unclarity and possibly even the inconsistency of its central position on truth and the development of truth. Mr. Dewart says that once the hellenistic theory of act and potency is discarded, evolution can take the form of the emergence of something which is entirely new, and that it need not be a linear development towards a definable goal. Consistently with this, man is held to be no longer an animal in any sense, and his only relation to his animal forebears is, apparently, one of temporal succession; neither, according to Mr. Dewart, can one speak of a divine plan, foresight or providence, or of

with marvellous accuracy the processes of prayer: God being experienced rather than God being argued about. And Mrs. Haughton, who is the mother of nine children, writes with great perception of the detail of human situations. Indeed, her book is concerned to go behind the abstractions of the theologian which for her are concerned with unrealities hardly discernible in actual life: she seeks in an existential examination of human behaviour the real insights which are concealed—if not betrayed—by the stereotypes of the theologians, if not by the Church itself.

Her examples are magnificent: a children's quarrel, the coming together of two lovers, the unfolding of social concern in an "ordinary" man. Her psychology could hardly be bettered; whatever else she may write in future, she

that circumstance.

But when Mrs. Haughton turns to universalize her theme (which she has to do since her intention is to see how all that she has to say can be reconciled with the existence of a Church) a note of strain is apparent. She finds so much to criticize in the existing structure that it is not altogether apparent why her account of the progression of men and women to sensitivity and a community of concern should lead to a Church at all. And what she has to say is so severe in its demands, so uncompromising in its rejection of the good-natured habits of most of mankind that one is reminded of the high-mindedness of the elect, necessarily few. But her book is stimulating, brilliantly written and always a challenge to the mild complacency of the vaguely committed.

Letters of St. Paulinus of Nola. Vol. I: Letters 1-22. Translated and annotated by P. G. Walsh. 277pp. (Ancient Christian Library, Vol. 35.) Longmans, £2 10s.

Almost from the time of the Reformation there were Anglicans who regarded the division of Christendom as an evil thing. Perhaps this has been most characteristic of the Church of

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he could rarely bring himself to stop writing. One letter is so diffuse as to satiate you to the point of nausea. There is tediousness in it not naiveness for a modern reader impatient of elaborate empaniments and conceals and tropes all the page of conventional edification. "Should I not consult my own interests more?" he says on another occasion, "and set a guard on my mouth against the hazards of many words?" But does he? No, he gives the Lord to open his mouth. Unhappily some of the heavier letters begin at the beginning. Perseverance is rewarded, he can write easily when he chooses, he can rise to fine eloquence on deeply spiritual subjects, and can show a kindly temper, but his comments on a religious tractate, reproaching himself for being dull, bending an exorcist

JAMES KENNAWAY

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HALTRECOT s TIMES, Crisp and witty, fresh and
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Longman

WELL BOWLED, ROMMEL!

GEOFFREY WAGNER: *The Sands of Valour*. 404pp. Cassell, 30s.

Novelistic as a silver-wedding if nothing like as sedate, Mr. Geoffrey Wagner's long and crowded novel about the desert war, and the tough and stylish buccannery who fought it, comes out to greet the twenty-fifth anniversary of Alamein.

Strident and flamboyant, this is not at all a book for the lover of muted effects, of Jacobean throat-scrapings or Proustian indirections. Mr. Wagner is a writer who runs straight at his hurdles. Nerves are over-stretched, bodies driven into a light-headed weariness, and "brow-up" is equally the word for the strong, sweet tea that marks the end of the day, or for the roasting inferno of the shelled tank. Nearly always the enemy is fear rather than Gormuts; Rommel is the captain of a very good visiting side; you face him as you would a very fast bowler on a very bumpy pitch; Rommel in fact is as much a hero as the rest of them, and his reaction to a top-level communication from the Führer is to say to an accompanying Colonel: "Let us burn this obscenity." Only Roger Wein-garten, the Jew from New York who has managed to join the Third Dragoon, the armoured unit upon which the book focuses, fights because he hates, and dies attacking a Panzer with his bare hands.

Perhaps Mr. Wagner heaps rather too much on his plate: all those officers with their public-school-country-gentleman background, their nerves screwed up, their brief wild rutting-seasons in Cairo or Alex, their

private meditations-in-flush-bath—they take a deal of handling, make large demands on an author's creative stamina. It is not surprising therefore to find Mr. Wagner's imagination willing at times. When this happens the book becomes melodramatic and stagey, as when Vickrey, the brave professional soldier with a slutish wife, thinks back to those distant Indian days when the slut had first cast her spell on him. "Heaven help him, he had taken her with a curse".

But when Mr. Wagner looks at his characters from the outside, and keeps clear of interior probing as for example in his portrait of the ruthless, fearless, over-age pirate Tite Morgensen, he can compel and fascinate. And his narrative zest hurries the reader along. The battle-scenes are indeed first-rate. Heat and horror, cordite and khamsin, break-through and break-out, courage and the collapse of courage—all these are communicated with an admirable strength and authenticity.

HEARTSORES

IRA MORRIS: *La Borgia*. 214pp. Chatto and Windus, 25s.

Mrs. Wilbraham, the Borgia in question, is an old and ugly American widow of great wealth, scheming away the last year of her life in an over-decorated apartment on Fifth Avenue. She had been a manipulator on a grand scale (her finest achievement was to push her husband into Congress) but now her needs have diminished. A French butler, a nephew who is her heir and a couple of sycophantic clergymen are the only toys with which she still manages to get much fun. They in turn have their own little schemes, which extend the interest of Mrs. Wilbraham's intrigues into equally loveless subplots. But the nasty black comedy conceals a soft neo-Freudian heart: Mrs. Wilbraham, it turns out, pursues power

because she has never had love.

Mr. Morris's attitude may be humane but he treats his characters with amused condescension: they are a bunch of resounding blackguards and fools whose malice or stupidity is the product of frustrated good intentions. Their trappings are drawn from the stockpot of international clichés—the Fernand butler and Minnie-Rose his wife, a Southern lovely whose father "ravaged her virginity on a Texas farm". The author's knowing comments ("Only a foolish man would put his beloved to the acid test of friendship") endorse the tone of banal sophistication. The story is told briskly and with enjoyment but *La Borgia* is Mr. Morris's ninth novel, and he prevents Mrs. Wilbraham and her dangling inheritors with the expertise of an habitual raconteur.

CRIMINUSCULE

JOHN BALL: *The Cool Cottontail*. 191pp. Michael Joseph, 25s.

A cottontail is a non-nudeist to a nudist and John Ball's second story featuring his Negro detective Virgil Tibbs is set in a Californian nudist park. Two faults: insufficient clueing and a relentless determination to educate us in the liberal virtues. Its own virtues: pleasant people, a good heart and competent story-telling.

CONRAD VOSS BARK: *See the Living Crocodiles*. 192pp. Gollancz, 21s.

Mr. Voss Bark is one of the more amiable thriller writers, and his Mr. Holmes, the P.M.'s own intelligence man, is one of the more perceptive and ingenious of our native heroes. But this latest book—Mr. Holmes chasing a missing scientist to the Ile de Ré—is a bit laboured and contrived. The putative love of the last book is discarded without mention for a new one: the scientist's motivations are absurd, and the titular vengeance is too long prepared.

S. H. COURTIER: *See Who's Dying*. 192pp. Hammond, Hammond, 18s.

It is surprising that this Australian thriller writer is not better known, for in his particular field he is of high quality, a better writer than late Arthur Upfield yet making simi-

lar use of his country's history and geography. This spy story, heavily anagrammatized, is wildly improbable and wildly exciting.

LESLEY EGAN: *The Nameless Ones*. 212pp. Gollancz, 21s.

Lesley Egan is more or less America's John Creasy, producing similarly solid, diligent accounts of professional police work, several cases to each book, and just a touch too much suburban domesticity behind the policemen. But in this latest Californian story the domesticity is thankfully a little less.

JOHN GARDNER: *Madrigal*. 310pp. Muller, 25s.

The first part of this latest adventure of cowardly killer Boycie Oakes is charming, with pretty send-ups of Len Deighton plus a touch of Bond, yet missing the usual fault of send-ups—insufficient plot. But by the second half Boycie has found manhood and we are in another kind of thriller. Here are above par, but they don't quite jell. And where does newly bold Boycie go from here?

PHILIP JONES: *The Fifth Defector*. 202pp. Heinemann, 21s.

It is unusual in these days for a reasonably intelligent, story about the treacherous, public and private, to have a happy ending. *The Fifth Defector*

does. It concerns the British vice-consul in a large east-Italian city who has blotted his copybook once by overplaying the game and now cannot tell whether a decision to answer a trans-Curtain cry for help would wipe out the blot or smear it all over the page.

J. J. MARRIC: *Gideon's Wrath*. 189pp. Hodder and Stoughton, 18s.

Another of Mr. Marric's sympathetic middlebrow stories of the higher echelons of Scotland Yard: fanatic sacrifice and drugged phobias are the highlights.

PATRICIA MCGERR: *Murder is Absurd*. 192pp. Gollancz, 21s.

The son of a famous American light-comedy actress writes a godot-discomposing suspicion about his father's death some fifteen years earlier. His famous stepfather, to guard the situation, offers to play lead in a type of drama beyond his experience. Discussion of the play and the acting techniques required are more substantial than the mystery element, but this when revealed is sufficiently shocking.

JENNIE MELVILLE: *A Different Kind of Summer*. 155pp. Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.

Another of Jennie Melville's original if slightly over-atmospheric stories of Detective-Sergeant Charman Daniels (now married) and her work in the well-made town of Deerham Hills. This one opens with a decapitated body in an unidentifiable coffin. Two major red herrings are inadequately linked to the main plot.

MAURICE PROCTER: *Exercise Hood-wink*. 183pp. Hutchinson, 21s.

Defeat at last for Dixie Costello, King of Grandchester crooks, in one of Mr. Procter's better police stories; far-ranging and well organized. Whom will Inspector Martineau tangle with next?

RAY WARD TAYLOR: *Doomsday Square*. 254pp. Gollancz, 25s.

Quite a good and certainly a well-complicated thriller in the Strange-love tradition; but ethically disconcerting for the European reader who is likely to suppose the happy ending has been reached when the American doomsday weapon has been "over-taken". But there is still a long way to go, and what the author thinks up as a happy ending is something different.

ALLEGORICAL

Sir, In his reply to Mr. Scott's letter (August 31) your reviewer upholds his use of the word "arbitrary" in connection with the *moraltas* stanzas of Henryson's fables by reference to *The Cock and the Jasp*. He adds that "the authority we should appeal to" on the question is "not Henryson himself, but our response to the poetry".

With this I would agree, with the proviso that this response be conditioned as far as possible by an awareness of Henryson's own intentions. His use of allegorical interpretation in the *moraltas* stanzas of the fables surely varies greatly. In such a case as that of *The Tail of the U-landu Mous*, and the *Burges Mous* the moral is applied with unmistakable directness. In *The Cock and the Jasp*, to use your reviewer's own example, this is not so, and the position rather lies in the shift of moral perspective carried out in the *moraltas*, by which the common sense of the Cock, with which we naturally sympathize, is shown up as naturally sympathetic and opposed to the divine virtue of Prudence, which we should properly prefer once we are brought to recognize it. The wisdom of man is the foolishness of God; the tale is placed in this way in a universal spiritual context, and the effect of the whole hinges in retrospect on this allegorical reversal. Henryson is here using a well-established method, comparable to Sophocles's use of the Chorus in *The Antigone*, or to Chaucer's Epilogue of *Troilus and Criseyde*.

ELIZABETH A. F. WATSON, The University of Nottingham, University Park, Nottingham.

Sir, I sympathize with your reviewer's problem over *The Cock and the Jasp* tale (August 31). But if one remembers that these beasts are masks of human beings, common sense is not offended by the moral that the man who throws away a jewel because he can't see it is a fool.

But the appeal to common sense itself is worth looking at. Common sense tells us that the sun revolves around the earth, and this belief, despite the fact that Plato wasn't it? proved the opposite by mathematics, held up human sense by well over a millennium. Common sense is always subject to the criticism of that very uncommon sense, the sense of reality.

I cannot agree that the "authority" we should appeal to is our own response to the poem. Our response is conditioned by our knowledge, and the function of scholarship, as distinct from criticism, is to help our response by enlarging our knowledge. Poetry does not live in a vacuum. To deny this is to maintain that scholarship is a mere parasitic self-improvement academy with no comfort alive—and I doubt whether your reviewer would go as far as that.

"Arbitrary" was his word—let him define it. I used it as he did, in relation to Henryson, not the Christian gloss of Aesop, which is open to question.

TOM SCOTT, 12 St. Vincent Street, Edinburgh.

BROCKHAUS HARD AND SOFT

Sir, It is not true that, as your reviewer of two German encyclopaedias (August 3) states, "the German scholar (D. H. Alsied) was the first to use in 1928" the word "Encyclopaedia" as the title of a "book giving information on all branches of knowledge".

Alsied was preceded by some sixty years by the Croatian count Pavlo Skafko from Lika with his book *Encyclopaedia, seu Orbis disciplinarum, tam sacrum quam profanarum, epitome*. Buzilone: per J. G. Orlandum, 1559.

Skafko, in his turn was preceded by two decades by the Flemish humanist J. D. van Ringelberg: *Luxuriositas vel potius absolutissima*. Antwerp, Basilicae, apud B. Westhemerum 1541.

However, Alsied's *Encyclopaedia* was more like a modern encyclopaedia than the works of his two predecessors.

JANKO ŽIVKOVIC, Dublín.

Our reviewer writes: "I stand corrected! I ought to have looked up Robert Collison's *Encyclopaedia: Their History throughout the Ages* or its front-page review in TLS, February 10, 1966."

COUNTY LIBRARIES

Sir, The rival claims of library buildings and bookstock, fiction and non-fiction have characterized the public library service since its inception, as many of your readers will know. In support of your correspondent T. Hadley Jones (August 10), I deplore the fact that in certain systems new fiction may not be requested, since this represents the archaic (and false) viewpoint that fiction is Demagogical, and is in complete antithesis to the prevalent liberal approach of today's librarians. More important than the allocation of funds is the privilege of the Librarian and the Librarian's Committee, in the negative attitude and its results: planned read-

ing becomes impossible, selection suffers from the lack of outside views, must give place to arbitrary decisions. While not wishing to revive the Hyton controversy, I do not believe the Librarian's place is to impose sweeping and meaningless restrictions on books which readers wish to read. Most of the required card catalogues and who plus a small service charge, are sent in their desire for the work. The libraries exist in order to provide a service, though not all will seem to report this yet, as the Group in public authority is not a Public Library and to perform its duty in the middle of the century, the most sophisticated Greek Revival of the past and after the Civil War, with their fretted timber and ironwork, of the period of middle class prosperity between 1860 and 1900. Among these examples—many of them are a few by known architects. There is an interesting book of 1891 by Frank Freeman, clearly influenced by H. H. Richardson. It was built at Austin for Colonel House, later adviser to President Wilson.

L. M. NEWMAN, Assistant Librarian, The University of Lancaster, Lancaster.

LEPIDOPTERA

Sir, I have just returned from a review of my book, *Living with Butterflies*, published in your paper dated 27th August, in which the writer states in paragraph 2, "his son Hugh books how this enterprise fared until it self wound up the business a year ago. This is entirely incorrect. The book, in fact, I retired from active book-farming on April 6, 1966, and my son, Michael Dickens, took it over; it has since moved the farm to Bönning near Ashford, Kent, where it continues to flourish. It would be most damaging to him if you let this statement go without making a correction. My reviewer must have just dipped into my book *Living with Butterflies* but he came to the conclusion that he had no idea.

L. HUGH NEWMAN, The Natural History Photograph Agency, Betsworth, Wetherham, Leics.

Our reviewer writes: "In review Mr. Newman's book, I carefully noted 1958 instead of 1966, the change concerned is headed quite clearly 'Closing years at the farm (1958-1966)'. When I wrote that Mr. Newman 'wound up the business in 1966', I was referring (perhaps not so clearly) to the end of the imaginary enterprise created by his father. The original butterfly-farm was a serious excitement and pleasure to many youthful collectors of butterflies in my youth, myself included. I should have been very much if my remark should mislead Mr. Newman's partner's efforts to carry on the business."

MUSSET, C. J. W. *A Thousand Years of Norfolk Carstone*. 96pp. The Author (Sibbald Rectory, Fakenham, Norfolk), 30s.

The Norfolk building stone described and illustrated in this short book has been quarried at Snettisham for 1,000 years and is still being produced there. The earliest examples of its use may be found in the Saxon and twelfth-century churches of the north-east of the county. Mr. Mussett's book is from church to church and village to village, on the Sandringham estate and elsewhere, illustrating his descriptions with his own pen-and-ink sketches, some in colour to show the characteristic tones of the carstone. A foreword is contributed by the Bishop of Lynn.

HISTORY

MUSNAT, YUSUF (Editor), *Selected Documents from the Aligarh Archives*. 414pp. Asia Publishing House, £2 10s.

The Muslim Anglo-Oriental College of Aligarh (now the Aligarh Muslim University) has played a notable part in the recent history of the Muslim community of India. The story of its foundation in the third quarter of the last century is well known, as is the part it took in bridging what long had seemed the insurmountable gulf between the Muslim community and their British rulers. It took the genius of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan to infuse his fellow-Muslims with hope for a new future—a future in which western science and learning would figure largely without conflicting with their traditional heritage of ancient culture. He convinced the Indian Muslims that they could not hope to survive if they followed either of the two courses currently in fashion: withdrawal into primitive Islam, or a merger—of terms, of course—into the population as a whole with its predominantly Hindu culture. He advocated instead making terms with the west through science, social reform, and a liberal outlook; taking from the west what it had to offer, but retaining all that was best in Islam. The main interest which this well-edited and well-indexed book holds for the student of Indian history is the light that it throws upon the difficulties that Sir Syed Ahmad encountered, his perseverance in overcoming them, and the way in which he convinced both his own community and his British supporters that his solution was both right and expedient. The part which the British took in giving his enterprise its final shape no doubt helped to reinforce the suspicions of early Nationalist leaders that the British were aiming at a "divide and rule" policy. Indeed, there are today people in India who accuse Sir Syed Ahmad of setting in motion

events which could only culminate in hiving-off the bulk of the Muslims into a separate state. But there is no real evidence that he had anything of the kind in mind. What he was concerned with was to rescue the Muslims from what looked like a hopeless impasse. In doing this, he unquestionably restored their self respect, and laid the foundations for a later nationalist movement as expressed in the "two nations" theory. Yet he himself never looked forward to Pakistan: indeed in his time, with the British raj in full mastery of India, the conception would have lacked meaning.

From the early egypt and the establishment of the circuit system Mr. Pugh, in his Harle memorial lecture at Exeter, discussed how the travelling bench and travelling bar have influenced English constitutional development down to modern times. The assize judges, in bringing justice to the litigants' doorsteps, themselves at the same time became familiar with scenes and local idiosyncrasies as they could never have done if they had waited in Westminster for suitors or prisoners to come to them.

THE COLLECTIONS OF THE Tate Gallery. 1966. Tate Gallery Publications Department, 15s.

The subtitle sums it up succinctly: "A complete list of works with details of date, medium, material, size and acquisition, including the titles of works by the same artists in the National Gallery." Size 8 1/2 in. by 8 1/2 in. It was built at Austin for Colonel House, later adviser to President Wilson.

THE NORFOLK BUILDING STONE described and illustrated in this short book has been quarried at Snettisham for 1,000 years and is still being produced there. The earliest examples of its use may be found in the Saxon and twelfth-century churches of the north-east of the county. Mr. Mussett's book is from church to church and village to village, on the Sandringham estate and elsewhere, illustrating his descriptions with his own pen-and-ink sketches, some in colour to show the characteristic tones of the carstone. A foreword is contributed by the Bishop of Lynn.

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The Muslim Anglo-Oriental College of Aligarh (now the Aligarh Muslim University) has played a notable part in the recent history of the Muslim community of India. The story of its foundation in the third quarter of the last century is well known, as is the part it took in bridging what long had seemed the insurmountable gulf between the Muslim community and their British rulers. It took the genius of Sir Syed Ahmad Khan to infuse his fellow-Muslims with hope for a new future—a future in which western science and learning would figure largely without conflicting with their traditional heritage of ancient culture. He convinced the Indian Muslims that they could not hope to survive if they followed either of the two courses currently in fashion: withdrawal into primitive Islam, or a merger—of terms, of course—into the population as a whole with its predominantly Hindu culture. He advocated instead making terms with the west through science, social reform, and a liberal outlook; taking from the west what it had to offer, but retaining all that was best in Islam. The main interest which this well-edited and well-indexed book holds for the student of Indian history is the light that it throws upon the difficulties that Sir Syed Ahmad encountered, his perseverance in overcoming them, and the way in which he convinced both his own community and his British supporters that his solution was both right and expedient. The part which the British took in giving his enterprise its final shape no doubt helped to reinforce the suspicions of early Nationalist leaders that the British were aiming at a "divide and rule" policy. Indeed, there are today people in India who accuse Sir Syed Ahmad of setting in motion

events which could only culminate in hiving-off the bulk of the Muslims into a separate state. But there is no real evidence that he had anything of the kind in mind. What he was concerned with was to rescue the Muslims from what looked like a hopeless impasse. In doing this, he unquestionably restored their self respect, and laid the foundations for a later nationalist movement as expressed in the "two nations" theory. Yet he himself never looked forward to Pakistan: indeed in his time, with the British raj in full mastery of India, the conception would have lacked meaning.

From the early egypt and the establishment of the circuit system Mr. Pugh, in his Harle memorial lecture at Exeter, discussed how the travelling bench and travelling bar have influenced English constitutional development down to modern times. The assize judges, in bringing justice to the litigants' doorsteps, themselves at the same time became familiar with scenes and local idiosyncrasies as they could never have done if they had waited in Westminster for suitors or prisoners to come to them.

THE COLLECTIONS OF THE Tate Gallery. 1966. Tate Gallery Publications Department, 15s.

BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

enough, a later entry reads: "O Lord, give me resolution to break through every hindrance and go to bed earlier."

Children's Books

FENWICK, SARA INNIS (Editor), *A Critical Approach to Children's Literature*. 129pp. University of Chicago Press, 35s. 6d.

A collection of papers read at the 31st Annual Conference of the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago held in August, 1966, and now edited by the Conference Director. The titles of the papers—Children's Reading and Adult Values; Psychological Significance of Children's Literature; Literature for "Children Without"; A Developmental Analysis of Children's Responses to Humour; "Machine Animism in Modern Children's Literature" are some of them—indicate the serious, dedicated tone adopted by the highly qualified contributors. But the articles themselves are in the main rather less formidable than their titles and contain much that is interesting. The two concluding papers, on current reviewing of children's books, and on the critic and children's literature, offer favourite stamping grounds of children's librarians everywhere and in spite of their American context have a general application.

Dogs

ELLIOTT, NEM. *Dog Breeding in Principle and Practice*. 125pp. Pelham Books, 21s.

If any novice or, for that matter, professional dog breeder has any breeding problem, then he should keep this extremely useful book ever by him, for every conceivable question is answered by that expert breeder, judge and writer on canine matters, Mrs. Nem Elliott.

FORWOOD, MARY. *The Cavalier King Charles Spaniel*. 144pp. Popular Dogs Printing Company, 30s.

With the increasing interest and rising popularity in this breed, anyone embarking on one of these charming little dogs should get this delightfully illustrated book, full of most useful diagrams on conformation and information in general. Lady Forwood is probably the best-known breeder and judge of the King Charles Spaniel in the country and writes authoritatively on its history and all other aspects of its breed.

History

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The subtitle sums it up succinctly: "A complete list of works with details of date, medium, material, size and acquisition, including the titles of works by the same artists in the National Gallery." Size 8 1/2 in. by 8 1/2 in. It was built at Austin for Colonel House, later adviser to President Wilson.

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Social Studies

Elites in Latin America. Edited by Seymour Martin Lipset and Aldo Solari. 531pp. Oxford University Press, £3 8s. (Paperback, 19s. 6d.)

Most of the fifteen essays by North American and Latin American sociologists brought together in this book were first delivered as papers at a seminar on Elites and Development in Latin America held at the University of Montevideo in June, 1965. The composition and character of different elite groups in Latin America—Industrial, political, military, religious, intellectual, labour, even peasant—are thoroughly examined, and special attention is given to their "value orientation" as a factor in the failure of so many Latin American republics to achieve either long-term political stability or rapid economic growth. More interesting, perhaps, are the contributions dealing with "elite formation" and the system of secondary school and university education in Latin America about which little is known. The volume is unfortunately marred by the excessive use of jargon, characteristic of so much sociological writing in Latin America as well as in the United States.

Travel

MATHESON, SYLVIA A. *The Tigers of Baluchistan*. A woman's five years with the Bugti Tribe. 213pp. Arthur Barker, £2 2s.

The author of this book contrives to combine, in agreeable fashion, the skills of journalism and of archaeological expertise. She is also remarkably fearless, entrusting herself without hesitation to the guidance of her Bugti friends in making journeys which few foreigners—and certainly no foreign women—have ever attempted before. With the Sul field as her base—she met there and married a petroleum engineer—she was able to penetrate regions which are normally barred to all travellers except officials of the Pakistan Government; and she won the confidence of the Bugtis so thoroughly that they actually allowed her to take pictures of their womenfolk, and to participate in intimate family ceremonies.

The book is such easy reading that its value may be underrated. In the not very extensive literature dealing with Baluchistan, it will hold its place for a long time simply because the author has been content to describe, sympathetically as well as fully, Bugti life as she saw it. The men and women whom she met emerge from her pages as real people, with their rigid code of behaviour, their contempt for human life when tribal values are involved, and their unrepentant love of fighting for fighting's sake. She has caught them at a period in their evolution which is unlikely to last much longer; the penetration of the modern world into their midst results

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